

RUPTURE WITH AUSTRIA PREDICTED IN VIENNA.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) (30)

VIENNA, Dec. 25 (4 a.m.)—The Petit Journal's Geneva correspondent says he learns from a semi-official source in Vienna that dimensions have arisen between the Liberals and Conservatives of the American note concerning the sinking of the Ancona. The Liberals, says the correspondent, "wish to give satisfaction to the United States in the second reply but the Conservatives, endorsed by the government, flatly refuse and a diplomatic rupture is inevitable."

DR. HANCOCK A SUICIDE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

STROUDSBURG (Pa.) Dec. 24.—The body of Dr. Albert E. Hancock, author and a former member of the Haverford College, was found near Delaware water gap yesterday and by his side the revolver with which he had taken his life. He disappeared from a hotel in Stroudsburg Wednesday leaving a note he had committed suicide. He had been in poor health for some time.

GOLD COINS FOR CHRISTMAS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

GRASS VALLEY (Cal.) Dec. 25.—The North Star Mines gathered its 450 employees in the drying house yesterday for a Christmas present distributed a freshly minted gold coin. Those employees receiving more than \$3 a day were given one less than \$3, half that amount. Heads of departments were given shares of stock. The North Star is one of the most productive mines in California.

STEALS FAKE DIAMOND.

(30)

A key-burglar, early last night entered the home of Mr. R. B. Eichen of No. 721 Alexander street, and stole a "fake" diamond valued at about \$2. He overlooked another ring set with a diamond valued at \$250. The two rings had been placed by Eichen in the same drawer but for some reason the burglar took the one.

THIEF HIDES IN COURT ROOM.

(30)

Arrested by two policemen just after he had snatched a \$10 bill from the hands of A. R. McKinza of No. 429 California street, Edward Murray fled to the police station early last night and dodged for a hour in the court rooms on the second floor of the building. When captured hiding beneath a bench in Judge White's room still had in his possession the stolen bill.

CHRISTMAS DINNER STOLEN.

(30)

Coming his way through a screen door, a burglar early last night entered the home of F. B. Andrews of No. 5516 Virginia avenue and stole out with the Christmas dinner, as well as a \$150 watch. Early in the evening the cook, according to Mr. Andrews, placed a turkey and a duck as well as a number of pies and cakes in the kitchen closet. She then left for the night. Mr. Andrews and his family went to the theater.

BEST NAVY IN THE WORLD FOR THE UNITED STATES.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Secretary Daniels made public today the original special report of the Navy General Board prepared by a committee of the board to a query addressed to the board last July to take up the question of the administration of the navy. The report, which was the administration's five-year plan for the navy, was made public by the Navy Department in part by the Navy Department.

JAPAN MAY SEND ARMY TO ASSIST THE ALLIES.

Sinking of Yasaka Maru by Submarine Arouses Tokio to Fury.

If Decision is Made Forces may be Centered Around
Suez Canal, Where Germans are Threatening a Blow.
Washington Begins an Inquiry Which may Have an
Effect on Ancona Case.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 24.—What is Japan going to do about it? That question is on the tongues of all diplomats who are now assigned to this country. They are practically unanimous in the belief that the sinking of the Japanese steamer Yasaka Maru by either a German or Austrian submarine may result in a decision by Japan to send land forces to the assistance of the allies. If such a decision is reached, it is believed the forces will be centered around the Suez Canal in an effort to avert from the blow which Germany is understood to be planning to strike there.

LANSING STARTS INQUIRY ON SINKING JAP LINER.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The State Department today began an inquiry into the sinking of the Japanese liner Yasaka Maru, by calling the American consul at Port Said, Egypt, to gather and forward promptly all available data.

CONTROL BY GOVERNMENT OF ALL COASTAL RADIO.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Recommendations that the government control and operate all coastal radio stations within the jurisdiction of the United States and establish a practical monopoly for the transmission of all government business are included in the annual report of Capt. W. H. G. Bullard, superintendent of the navy radio service, made public tonight. The Board of Radio Organization, the report adds, is preparing amendments to existing laws to work out this scheme, which will be submitted to the secretary in a special communication.

TILLAMOOK ON THE MAP.

Oregon County Shut off from the
World Since Last
Monday.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEHALEM (Or.) Dec. 24.—Tillamook county got into communication with the outside world again today for the first time since Monday, when all rail and wire communication was severed by the storm. Telegraph communication was re-established today, but the Southern Pacific line is washed out in so many places that no rail service is possible for a week. The Wilson River bridge near here was swept away. Christmas mails probably will not reach here until New Year's. Damage in the county has been extensive.

FRICK TO PAY CHILDREN'S LOSS.

MAKES GOOD FUNDS TIED UP BY
BANK FAILURE.

Pittsburgh Millionaire, as a Christmas Gift, Announces He will Meet in Full All Accounts of Youthful Depositors Who Put Their Savings in an Institution Just Closed.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) Dec. 24.—Joy prevailed in the hearts of Pittsburgh's school children tonight as a result of the announcement late today by H. C. Frick, millionaire coal magnate, that he will pay in full as a Christmas gift all the accounts of the 41,000 children depositors in the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, which was closed here last Wednesday by order of the State Department of Banking. The deposits amount to \$1,671,136.68, and payment will be made in cash just as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed, which will probably be about January 2.

BRIDGE WHIST SUPPLANTS BIBLE.

APPEAL FOR RIGHT LIVING IS
MADE BY RABBI BERNSTEIN
TO THE JEWS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) Dec. 24.—An appeal to the Jews of America to govern their lives by altruistic ideals was voiced by Rabbi Louis Bernstein of St. Joseph, Mo., who preached the opening sermon tonight at the national meeting of the Jewish Chautauque here, which assembled here today for a day session.

INDIAN LAND SALES TESTED.

VALIDITY OF TRANSFERS AP-
PROXIMATING FIFTY
MILLIONS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 24.—The constitutionality of the Clapp act, 1908, which permitted mixed blood Indians to sell their lands, was attacked by the government in Federal District Court today in a test case in which titles to approximately \$15,000,000 worth of land on the White Earth Indian reservation in Minnesota are involved.

GREEK FEELING AGAINST ENTENTE

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.)

BERLIN, Dec. 24 (via Vienna, N. Y.).—"Greek feeling in Southern Macedonia against the Entente powers is rapidly increasing, according to reports from Athens received by the Frankfurter Zeitung," says the Overseas News Agency, which adds:

END OF WAR PRESAGED BEFORE NEXT CHRISTMAS.

Developments Indicate Way to Negotiations is Being Paved by Powers.

One Great Cause Which may Make Peace Absolutely Necessary is the Tremendously Increased Cost—United States, Spain or The Netherlands Likely to be Selected as the Mediators.

(BY JOHN CALLAN O'DAUGHLIN.)
(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 24.—There is hope in official and diplomatic circles in Washington that before another Christmas rolls around peace on earth, good will to men, will prevail once more in the world. This belief is based on advices from Europe which seem to indicate that the way is being paved to negotiations between the warring powers. No step of a formal character has yet been taken, but what is described by diplomats as an "atmosphere" is being steadily created and at a psychological moment tentative proposals will be advanced. Whether this will be done through the President of the United States, the King of Spain or the Queen of The Netherlands, is a question which will depend upon the temper of all the belligerents.

The one great cause making for peace is the increasingly heavy economic and military burdens of the powers involved. Premier Asquith in London, announced today that England had suffered more than a half a million casualties, and England has had a comparatively small force on the fighting line. The greatest sufferer of all in men is Russia. Germany has sustained almost 2,500,000 casualties. France has paid a dreadful toll and so has Austria-Hungary. Even Italy with her small front has had frightful losses.

WILSONS SEE SANTA CLAUS; NEARLY HIT BY GOLF BALL.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

HOT SPRINGS (Va.) Dec. 24.—President and Mrs. Wilson participated tonight in an old-fashioned Virginia Christmas celebration held in the spacious lounge-room of their hotel. It was their first appearance in the public part of the hotel since they arrived Sunday to spend their honeymoon.

MAY DECLARE A TRUCE TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Tomorrow, the second Christmas of the great war, will differ but little from the predecessor, judging from the visible signs of the past twenty-four hours.

Although there is small likelihood of an exact repetition of the strange truce of last year, here and there it is probable that the opposing lines will come to some sort of an understanding which will permit them to celebrate their one common day of rejoicing without undue annoyance. The fighting around Hartmann's Wellerkopf, which has been the chief incident in the recent news from the western front, has not yet reached a decision, but reports indicate that the four days' losses on both sides have been so severe that some kind of a truce is almost inevitable.

THE POOR ON DREADNAUGHT

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Secretary Daniels made public today the original special report of the Navy General Board prepared by a committee of the board to a query addressed to the board last July to take up the question of the administration of the navy. The report, which was the administration's five-year plan for the navy, was made public by the Navy Department in part by the Navy Department.

thoughtfulness and generosity in providing so many poor children with clothing and gifts and a Christmas dinner on board the New York is another splendid example of the generous spirit of the men of the navy. May this day bring to you and to all the men of our service as much happiness that your self-denial has brought to these little ones.

HOALS.
Confidence of
City of Com.
the Liner

**TO LOAN MONEY
TO THE FARMERS**
Land Bill is Ready for Pres-
entation to Congress.

**CONFIDENCE OF
CITY OF COM.**
The Liner

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WASHINGTON.
proved civil conditions, school and
municipal authorities are disposed to
regard the establishment of night
schools for instruction of candidates
for citizenship not only in the light
of a patriotic duty, but as a sound
business proposition as well.

**BRITISH TO USE
AMERICAN TACTICS.**
ALL ALLIES OVER AGE WHO EN-
LIST MUST SERVE IN
THIS ARMY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The State
Department has been informed that
the British military authorities no
longer are willing to release adult
allies regularly enlisted in the British
army in Canada. Americans under age
Great Britain probably will continue
to respond to appeals from their rela-
tives in Canada made through the
State Department, but where Americans
over 21 years of age have enlisted,
even though they falsely pretended
to be of legal age, they will be held
for service.

**TIGHTENS LINES
AROUND GERMANY.**
ENGLAND FORBIDS EXPORTA-
TION OF GOODS INTO SWIT-
ZERLAND.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—By royal
proclamation published in tonight's
Gazette, the exportation to Switzer-
land of virtually everything that might
be serviceable to Germany is pro-
hibited, unless consigned to the
Societe Suisse de Surveillance Econo-
mique, which corresponds with
The Netherlands overseas trust, with
which the government has a similar
agreement.

**SAN FRANCISCO
HAS CITY TREE.**
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—San
Francisco celebrated Christmas Eve
tonight with an open-air celebration
at the new city center. There was
a Christmas tree which had been
brought from the city's own forest in
the Hetch-Hetchy Valley and there
was a concert which was enjoyed by
many thousands.

**RILEY SENDS
CHRISTMAS CHEER.**
INDIANAPOLIS (Ind.), Dec. 24.—
James Whitcomb Riley, who is in
Florida for the winter, has sent the
following Christmas message to the
people of Indiana:

**SING CAROLS
IN THE STREETS.**
ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—In spite of a
snowstorm hundreds of persons gathered
in a public square in the down-
town district at nightfall here today
to watch the illumination of the great
municipal Christmas tree and to sing
old-time Christmas carols.

**DENIES GIFT
OF TWO MILLION.**
NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Mrs. Jose-
phine del Drago today denied that
she had given \$2,000,000 to the Queen
of Italy for distribution among sol-
diers' families, as reported in a dis-
patch from Rome last night.

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS.
Several towns in the Northwest
Combine and Spread Cheer to the
Poor and Needy.

ST. PAUL (Minn.), Dec. 24.—Com-
munity Christmas tree celebrations
were held tonight in many of the
cities and towns of the central North-
west. Wanta of the poor were well
taken care of in every community.

COL. HEPBURN IMPROVES.
CLARINGDA (Iowa), Dec. 24.—Col.
W. P. Hepburn, whose illness for sev-
eral weeks has alarmed the members
of his family and friends, has im-
proved greatly and will enjoy the
company of the members of his family.
Col. and Mrs. Hepburn had hoped to
be able to pass the winter in Wash-
ington, but have entirely given up the
idea.

TRUCKS KILLED.
DANVILLE (Ill.), Dec. 24.—Four
engineers were killed in a head-on
collision near Veederburg, Ind., late
today between an east-bound Clover
Leaf passenger train and a west-bound
freight train. The passengers were
severely shaken up but none was in-
jured seriously.

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jured seriously.

**ONLY RUBBER
IS PROHIBITED.**
England Denies Ban Placed
on Hospital Supplies.

**Statement Says Such Goods
may be Sent Germans.**
Notice of British Position is
Made in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—A state-
ment was issued by the British Em-
bassy here tonight denying that Great
Britain had extended to hospital sup-
plies of all kinds its prohibition against
the shipment to the Teutonic countries
of such supplies made of rubber.

BRITAIN'S POSITION.
The statement follows:
"A statement has been published in
the press to the effect that Great Brit-
ain has suspended the issuance of per-
mits for shipment of hospital supplies
of any description from the United
States to Germany, Austria, Hun-
gary, Bulgaria and Turkey.

**GERMAN LOAN
GREATLY OPPOSED.**
PARIS, Dec. 24.—A Zurich
dispatch says that the number of
members of the Reichstag who ex-
pressed opposition to the new war
credit of ten billion marks adopted on
Tuesday was larger than at first re-
ported. It was estimated that more
than twenty Social Democrats ab-
stained from voting which, with the
refusal of the Socialists to vote in the
negative, brings up the total opposi-
tion to forty-two.

THE WEATHER BACK EAST.
Old-fashioned White Christmas
will be enjoyed by people over most
of the country.

**CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 24.**—Heavy, wet snow
descended upon Chicago tonight, and
much colder weather is predicted for
tomorrow. Maximum temperature was
22 deg. Snow and rain fell in several
Middle Western States. Eastern States
show higher temperatures. North-
western States are colder and high
winds from that direction indicate a
cold wave over the Middle West.

**HALF A MILLION
BRITISH LOSSES.**
LONDON, Dec. 24.—Replying to a
written question by P. A. Molteno,
member of the House of Commons,
Premier Asquith today gave the total
British casualties up to December 9,
as 538,227.

FOURTH DEATH BY GAS.
Joseph Peona Passes Away at Grand
Valley as the Result of the Re-
cent Explosion.

GRASS VALLEY (Cal.) Dec. 24.—
Joseph Peona died today, making the
fourth death among eight men who
were killed by gas of burning powder
yesterday at Brandy City, in Sierra
county. The men sought refuge during
the detonation of eleven tons of pow-
der used to blast an earth bank. Part
of the powder did not explode, but
burned, and the gas swept into the
building. Remains were taken to
reach the men for some time. They
were dead and five, including Peona,
unconscious when found.

VEHTRANO SENTENCED.
SAN JOSE, Dec. 24.—Joe Vetrano,
convicted of writing black-hand let-
ters, was today sent to Folsom on a
five-year sentence.

**SUBMARINES FOR
PANAMA CANAL.**
ACTIVE DEFENSE OF WATERWAY
BEING PLANNED BY
ARMY OFFICERS.

**Thousands of Packages are
Sent from Continent.**
Leave of Absence Granted to
a Large Number.

**Even the German Prisoners
Prepare to Celebrate.**
LONDON, Dec. 24, 12:04 p.m.—The
celebration of England's second
Christmas of the war is being devoted
mainly to the soldiers.

**MORE ACTIVITY
AT BESSARABIA.**
BERLIN, Dec. 24 (by wireless to
Saville, N. Y.).—There has been a
renewal of activity on the Bessarabian
front, the Russians attacking the Aus-
trian positions, according to today's
official report from Austro-Hungarian
army headquarters, received here
from Vienna. The official statement
declares the Russian attacks were re-
pulsed with heavy losses to the Rus-
sian troops.

**AUSTRIANS LOSE
IN MONTENEGRO.**
CONSULATES TODAY RECEIVED THE
FOLLOWING DELAYED MESSAGE REGARDING
THE FIGHTING IN MONTENEGRO:
"The enemy on the 18th attacked our
position near the village of Lj-
ubovitch. He made several attacks
and was repulsed. We took fifty prisoners
and some machine guns. In the direction
of Berane and Roza we took the of-
ensive and drove the Austrians back
almost to Roza, taking a certain
number of prisoners."

**GERMAN LOAN
GREATLY OPPOSED.**
PARIS, Dec. 24, 12 noon.—A Zurich
dispatch says that the number of
members of the Reichstag who ex-
pressed opposition to the new war
credit of ten billion marks adopted on
Tuesday was larger than at first re-
ported. It was estimated that more
than twenty Social Democrats ab-
stained from voting which, with the
refusal of the Socialists to vote in the
negative, brings up the total opposi-
tion to forty-two.

THE WEATHER BACK EAST.
Old-fashioned White Christmas
will be enjoyed by people over most
of the country.

**CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 24.**—Heavy, wet snow
descended upon Chicago tonight, and
much colder weather is predicted for
tomorrow. Maximum temperature was
22 deg. Snow and rain fell in several
Middle Western States. Eastern States
show higher temperatures. North-
western States are colder and high
winds from that direction indicate a
cold wave over the Middle West.

**HALF A MILLION
BRITISH LOSSES.**
LONDON, Dec. 24.—Replying to a
written question by P. A. Molteno,
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Premier Asquith today gave the total
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were dead and five, including Peona,
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VEHTRANO SENTENCED.
SAN JOSE, Dec. 24.—Joe Vetrano,
convicted of writing black-hand let-
ters, was today sent to Folsom on a
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**GERMANS MASED
ABOUT MONASTIR.**
PARIS, Dec. 24.—The battle fronts
of both sides in the conflict in the
Serbian theater of war are given in
a dispatch from the Saloniki corre-
spondent of the Echo de Paris.

GIFT TO FRUIT MEN.
LONDON, Dec. 24.—The North Pa-
cific Fruit Distributors' Association,
representing 10,000 Washington and
Oregon growers, received a welcome
Christmas present today in the form
of the release of its huge consign-
ments of fruit, seized by British war-
ships while on the way to Scandi-
navian countries.

WELL-KNOWN SANTA MONICA MINISTER CURED.
This is to certify that Dr. C. H. White has cured me of a distressing hemorrhoidal
affliction of 20 years duration. His method of treatment is effective and safe. He
has the appliances, the knowledge and the skill born of many years of specialization in
this fruitful source of physical disease. He accomplishes all his claims in his ad-
vertising and reasonable expense.

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE SUPERINTENDENT CURED.
My Dear Mr. White: I am thankful for the privilege of bearing witness to your
ability to treat, without pain, and with success, the delicate and disabling diseases which
result from sedentary work. To all who need the services of a skillful, sympathetic and
experienced specialist in your line, I heartily commend you. Very sincerely yours,
EUGENE S. CHAPMAN, D. D., The Anti-Saloon League, Chicago, Ill.

PRESIDENT OF WHITTIER COLLEGE CURED.
For more than ten years I was a sufferer from a painful affliction which nearly
ruined my usefulness as an organizer and teacher. Dr. C. H. White of Los Angeles has
completely cured me by a procedure that was simple, safe, and I desire to go on
record as recommending the Doctor in diseases of his specialty.
THOMAS NEWLIN, President Whittier College, Whittier, Cal.

Dr. C. H. WHITE, Rectal Specialist
Rooms 522-3-4-5 Wesley Roberts Building, 106 West Third St., Los Angeles, Cal.
\$10 WATCHES
MONTGOMERY BROS.
Jewelers
4th and Broadway

The Store with a Conscience
wishes you a year of Plenty-
Health-and Happiness
-if thank you for its seasons
great record - and the Sales-
men thank you for your helpful
consideration thru the rush of
Christmas Shopping.
L. J. Shaw
221 South Spring
Groceries & Sundry

**I CURE
PILES**
Fistula and all Rectal Diseases
WITHOUT an OPERATION
By MY PAINLESS DISSOLVENT METHOD

For twenty-five years I have been curing diseases of the rectum and lower
bowel. During that time my experience as hospital and railroad surgeon
as college lecturer and professor, has enabled me to develop a method that
is superior to others.
My method is not a "home cure" or a "correspondence treatment" but
it is an application of skilled treatments administered under the most rigid
antiseptic conditions in my office.
I solicit old, severe and obstinate cases of fistula, prolapsus, fissure and
ulceration that have heretofore resisted all treatments employed. If you are
a sufferer from rectal trouble I invite you to investigate my method thor-
oughly by talking or writing to any of my cured patients. If you will call at my
office I will be pleased to give you the names and addresses of many well-
known Los Angeles people I have cured, whom you may interview in regard
to my treatment. I keep a trained lady nurse constantly on duty in my office for
the convenience and comfort of lady patients.
SEND FOR MY FREE BOOKLET.

WELL-KNOWN SANTA MONICA MINISTER CURED.
This is to certify that Dr. C. H. White has cured me of a distressing hemorrhoidal
affliction of 20 years duration. His method of treatment is effective and safe. He
has the appliances, the knowledge and the skill born of many years of specialization in
this fruitful source of physical disease. He accomplishes all his claims in his ad-
vertising and reasonable expense.

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE SUPERINTENDENT CURED.
My Dear Mr. White: I am thankful for the privilege of bearing witness to your
ability to treat, without pain, and with success, the delicate and disabling diseases which
result from sedentary work. To all who need the services of a skillful, sympathetic and
experienced specialist in your line, I heartily commend you. Very sincerely yours,
EUGENE S. CHAPMAN, D. D., The Anti-Saloon League, Chicago, Ill.

PRESIDENT OF WHITTIER COLLEGE CURED.
For more than ten years I was a sufferer from a painful affliction which nearly
ruined my usefulness as an organizer and teacher. Dr. C. H. White of Los Angeles has
completely cured me by a procedure that was simple, safe, and I desire to go on
record as recommending the Doctor in diseases of his specialty.
THOMAS NEWLIN, President Whittier College, Whittier, Cal.

Dr. C. H. WHITE, Rectal Specialist
Rooms 522-3-4-5 Wesley Roberts Building, 106 West Third St., Los Angeles, Cal.
\$10 WATCHES
MONTGOMERY BROS.
Jewelers
4th and Broadway

are are eating a new solidarity
Christian sentiment.

CHRISTMAS IN ARMENIA.
Long centuries of Christian art and
quence have pictured the horrors
"the slaughter of the innocents" in
Bethlehem by Herod. The tale is told
new every Christmas in connection
the story of the babe for whom
other children were a sacrifice.
But we know that these were, prob-
ly not over a score of babies killed
Bethlehem by Herod.
In almost incredible contrast we re-
call that between last Christmas and
there have been slain thousands
babies for the sake of the name of
Christ; and that in the land we call
ly more than 800,000 Christians
have been done to death, and that the
of slains, exiled, deported and re-
fugees is far above a million. The
of the martyrology of 1918 is
to imagine to enter the human
mind. We almost refuse to believe
that the Turks have not only out-
eroded Herod, but have out-Cae-
sared Nero and Diocletian and Julian
and all the other Roman emperors
mbined.
Christmas in Armenia—among the
ing, homeless, ill-clad remnant
old women and little children—is
picture that the imagination runs
sues to point. Nevertheless, it is the
most significant fact on the world's
erison in this year of our Lord, 1918.

Wife's Ingratitude.
[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] "All
y efforts to be useful around home
e 7:15 a.m., on Christmas morn-
ing. "The other day it entered my
mind to do the family washing. But
cause I put ice towels in the wash-
ing machine with white clothes, and
ter put colored clothes with white
clothes, and still later washed dishes
with water I took from the washing
machine after the washing was done,
my wife ordered me to leave the
emisea."

CHURCH OF THE OPEN DOOR
Inexpensive Auditorium
SIXTH AND HOPE STREETS.
Dr. R. A. Torrey, Pastor
SUNDAY MORNING AT 11
"A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE"
SUNDAY NIGHT, 7:30
"GOD'S BLOCKADE OF THE
ROAD TO HELL."
EVERYBODY INVITED.
FINE MUSIC. 4000 FREE SEATS.

CHRISTIAN
COYLE, Minister.
20 Grand View St. West Ninth cross-
ing, 7:15 a.m., Christmas Eve. Musical
address, "The Heart of Christmas."

CHURCH. Corner Tenth
and Flower.
Rev. Otis G. Dale,
"THE WORLD WITH THE CHRIST."
Addressed by Charles an Archdeacon.
"HOLY NIGHT" by Brewer, rendered by
Mrs. Emilio and the Boy Wonder,
Edna Rhoades, harpist, will play in
Christmas services both morning and evening.

**CHURCH COR. TWENTYFTH
AND FIFTEENTH.**
Sunday-school, 9:45 a.m. Morning at 11
30 o'clock, "THE COURAGE OF JESUS."
evening. Take Washington street cars.
MUSIC AT 11 A.M.

CHURCH Corner West Adams
and Figueroa, St.
SON, M.A., Rector.
Sunday-school at 9:30 a.m.
by the Rector at 11 A. M.
AMONG US
Antata at 7:30 p.m. Grand Ave. car
iversity at 8:30 to Christy House, Walk
Strangers cordially welcome.

CH Twelfth and Flower Sts.
Dr. Baker F. Lee, Rector.
First celebration, "The City of Peace,"
sermon, "The City of Peace."
10 a.m., Bible Class and Sunday-school;
11 a.m., Evening at 7:30 p.m., Christmas
Children's Christ."

CHURCH.
"WHITE CHRIST"
Addressed by
HOLD E. BLIGHT
at Hall, 223 South Broadway.
Musical programme. All seats free.

CHURCH.
Fifth Floor
Metropolitan Building
Broadway at Fifth
(Public Library Building).

Phosophists
"True Clairvoyance."
Every Class, All Women Welcome.
lecting. General Public Invited.
"Life and Reincarnation."
9 to 5; Saturdays 9 to 12.
g a Philosophy of Life that really
etings and the Reading Room.
Questions invited and answered,
borrowed without charge.
ings at 12:30
and Friday. Half-hour talks on
women. Public invited.

CUB DEAL IS UP IN AIR

Ban Johnson Says Trade Fall Through.

Weighman Waits Arrival of Charles Teft.

Owner of Whales has Faith in Agreement.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Following receipt of a telegram from Charles P. Teft today, Charles Weighman, who had been waiting for him to arrive from Texas before meeting him in Chicago, declared that if a trade agreement was made, it would be a big thing for the American League.

B. B. Johnson, president of the American League, who returned from the Chicago meeting, said it was still possible that the deal would be made, but he said it would be a big thing for the American League.

According to Mr. Johnson, the deal would permit the former to get out from the deal. Friends of Mr. Weighman, however, say he has faith in the strength of the agreement.

The engine struck him, he was thrown backwards, hitting his head on a hard object, probably in the car, cutting two inches and severely bruising his face. He was not killed, is considered a miracle. Although he is suffering from the bruises and shock, he is superstitious. The engine struck him, he was thrown backwards, hitting his head on a hard object, probably in the car, cutting two inches and severely bruising his face. He was not killed, is considered a miracle. Although he is suffering from the bruises and shock, he is superstitious.

The automobile, which was a passenger car, was not a right side but was not a week.

FED THE HUNGRY.

Old Santa Claus and two assistants started out bright and early day morning with great baskets full of food for the poor families of the city.

anybody goes to the city, then certainly it is not the fault of either Santa Claus or the clubs of the city.

Among the organizations that have done much to make this a success.

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MORAN TO OUST FULTON.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 24.—Local fight promoters, who had arranged for a twenty-round bout for the heavyweight world's championship here on March 4, between Jess Willard, the title holder, and Fred Fulton of Rochester, Minn., announced tonight that Frank Moran of Pittsburgh probably would be substituted for Fulton.

A telegram was sent tonight to Willard's manager, advising him to have Moran signed for the fight.

Branch Out.

REAL TENNIS FOR WHITTIER.

SOUTH'S BEST PLAYERS TO BE THERE NEW YEAR'S.

Club to Dedicate New Courts with Two Round Robins—Mr. and Mrs. Bundy, Florence Sutton, Mary Brown, Nat Brown, Sinsbaugh, Who Will Compete.

The newly-formed Whittier Tennis Club will conduct a big round robin tournament at Whittier on New Year's Day. The committee is the dedication of the club's two new cement courts and many big league racket wielders will be on hand.

Two separate round robins will be staged; one in men's doubles and the other in mixed doubles. Ten games will comprise a series.

Play will begin at 10 a. m., and it is expected that the whole string of matches will be run off by sundown.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Bundy, Miss Florence Sutton, Miss Mary Brown, Nat Brown and Simpson Sinsbaugh are entered in the mixed affair. The men's doubles teams are Bundy and Brown, Varie and Horridge, Bell and Way and Wayne and Sinsbaugh.

SINCLAIR OWNS FED PLAYERS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Harry F. Sinclair of Oklahoma, owner of the National Football League Club, has taken the contract of all the Federal League players which are adequately binding and will dispose of the players, according to a statement today by Edward Barrow, president of the International League. He said that the contracts taken by Mr. Sinclair did not include the players taken over by the merged Chicago and St. Louis clubs.

Barrow's statement supplements Sinclair's announcement at St. Louis yesterday that he had the disposition of the Kansas City, Buffalo and New York Federal League players.

Sinclair will give the Cubs and the St. Louis Browns first choice for the Federal League stars and after these clubs take what they want it will be up to the other clubs to bid for the ever players they care to take.

Barrow said, "However, both of these clubs are overburdened with players. Concerning the attempt by Federal League managers to consolidate the Buffalo Federal and Buffalo International clubs, Mr. Barrow said that a consolidation would not be allowed.

WASHINGTON STATE TO ARRIVE TODAY.

The Washington State football team will arrive in Pasadena this morning. The train is due to arrive at 8:45 o'clock. The northerners will be taken immediately to the Hotel Maryland where a gorgeous banquet awaits them.

The Brown team will not arrive until Monday. They will spend their Christmas in New Mexico.

SHORTY O'BRIEN TO MEET ALL COMERS.

Harry (Shorty) O'Brien will meet all comers at 15 point continue pocket billiards at the Lyceum Billiard parlors tonight at 8 o'clock. A cash prize of \$5 is offered by the management to anyone defeating him. No entrance fee is to be charged, and all challenges will be accepted.

ASCOT RACE MEET IS GIVEN OFFICIAL SANCTION.

THE inaugural race meet on the Ascot Speedway will be staged tomorrow afternoon.

Official sanction No. 892 was granted by Chairman Kennard of the contest board of the A. A. A. yesterday and after inspecting the Ascot course with Referee Frank A. Garbutt, Al G. Waddell, local representative of the contest board, assigned the sanction for the speed machine.

George R. Bente, chairman of the Contest Committee of the Ascot Speedway Association, said yesterday that he did not want to start the drivers on the course unless it was in condition for speed and passed the inspection of the A. A. A. representative.

At 3 o'clock the track was turned over by the contractor for the first practice and after the heavy cars had climbed the course, Representative Waddell announced that the contest board had sanctioned the A. A. A. meet and the sanction of the A. A. A. District Attorney, Johnson requested that the case "be settled."

Several local race enthusiasts, fearing that the sanction would be held up, wired the contest board approving the condition of the course. Chairman Kennard wired to his local representative that the matter was entirely in his hands and that he was to satisfy himself of the condition of the course before assigning the sanction granted by the A. A. A.

Barney Uddfield was out on the course yesterday and made a number of laps with a Frank A. Garbutt, referee. Mr. Garbutt said after he had covered the mile track in fifty-two seconds that the race would be one of the most spectacular ever seen in Southern California.

After Mr. Garbutt had retired from the mechanic's seat, Uddfield's

MORE MANAGERS ARE NOMINATED.

Johnny Powers Turns Down All Recommendations.

Caps may Train at Elsinore or Murrietta.

Berry, Chance and Myrick to Fix Own Limits.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

The problem of managing the Angels caused widespread discussion along Spring street yesterday. From Jeff's anti-water emporium to Oldfield's rival joint, it was the main topic of conversation. With that and the clang of Christmas shoppers and the rumble of delivery wagons, and Hen Berry's new hat, there was considerable noise.

Among the new names placed in nomination for the lucrative position of managing the Angels were the following:

Jim Morley, Barney Oldfield, Cy Myrick, Ed Settle, and Jim Jeffries.

They were refused for various reasons.

Morley, because he is making too much money in other lines.

Oldfield, because he is too swift and might run wild on the bases or roughen the fences.

Kipper, because he is beyond the age limit.

Settle, because he is too foxy.

Jeffries, because he lacks the necessary weight.

At a late hour Freddie Pabst rushed in to propose the name of Henry Ford.

There has been too much fighting in the Coast League, and for that reason I submit the name of Mr. Ford, present whereabouts and telephone number unknown, said Pabst.

In case Mr. Ford will not accept I will substitute the name of Mr. Von Hindenburg. We must have peace, I fully realize that it took up to get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas but New Year's is coming.

Harry Haudall positively declined to entertain the proposition, vowing that he never would consent to manage a ball team outside of Milwaukee.

Furthermore, he pointed out that if he appeared on the field in a strait-jacket the fans would mistake him for an umpire. He strongly intimated, however, that his brother, Henry Hardeen, would consider an offer for the place. If Hardeen took the job he would spring something novel and appear on the coaching line in a milk can. In this way he would be protected from the umpires unless they carried cash openers.

Training Place.

Not having yet landed a manager, Johnny Powers will pick up by going forth next week and endeavoring to rent a place for the Angels to train in. He has Elsinore and Murrietta in mind.

Both of these have hot springs and mud baths in abundance. Powers is satisfied at that point. Whether or not either Murrietta or Elsinore is a satisfactory training place is the only problem remaining. As the Tigers are to train at Washington Park, Maler has no worries on that score.

Fix Limits.

Powers, Henry Berry, Frank Chance and Cy Myrick will pick up by going forth next week and endeavoring to rent a place for the Angels to train in. He has Elsinore and Murrietta in mind.

Both of these have hot springs and mud baths in abundance. Powers is satisfied at that point. Whether or not either Murrietta or Elsinore is a satisfactory training place is the only problem remaining. As the Tigers are to train at Washington Park, Maler has no worries on that score.

Triumph.

Friends of the Federal League are claiming that it will defeat the American and National to a finish in the baseball war. Aside from the fact that the Federal League is overcapitalized and otherwise went out of business, it emerged triumphant.

MARTIN BROTHERS ARE CHALLENGED.

SANTA BARBARA, Dec. 24.—Charles G. Adams, golf professional at the Santa Barbara Country Club, and David Lewis of the Lake Geneva Country Club, who is visiting here, have challenged Joe Martin, golf professional at the Santa Barbara Country Club, and his assistant, Hutt Martin, to a series of games for \$200 a side, to be played on the local links, the Los Angeles Links and the Midway field.

The challengers with W. R. Mygatt of Montecito watched the recent series between the Martins and Bob Simpson of Orange and Frank Peebles of Midway, and take issue with the decision of the Los Angeles sport writers that the victory won by the Martins entitles them to the Southern California championship.

LIL' ARTHUR IS LONESOME.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, who fled to Europe after being convicted of violating the Mann Act, and who thereby forfeited a bond of \$20,000, wants to come back, according to a letter received from him today by Charles F. Clyde, United States District Attorney, Johnson requested that the case "be settled."

Mr. Clyde mailed a reply saying that the law must take its course. Most of the bond has been collected.

DILLON MAY BOSS OAKS.

That Frank Dillon stands a chance of being the next manager of the Oakland club is a report that refuses to be discouraged.

Dillon is quite popular on the side of the bay, and if it is decided to appoint Elliott he would be enthusiastically welcomed.

A baseball man who is in a position to know a thing or two about Coast League affairs expressed the opinion last night that Dillon would be the next leader of the Oaks.

Frankworthy.

DUCKS GIVEN TO THE POOR.

CHARITY HUNT IS READ BIG SUCCESS AS KILL.

Thousands Families to Eat Birds Today Because of Generosity of Hunters in Giving Time and Game. Clime Thinks up Idea; Gets Relations and Friends to Carry it Out.

Approximately 1000 poor families will be helped by the duck hunt today. The duck hunt, which is being given by the Los Angeles Country Club, is a charity hunt, a couple of hundred local duck hunters, the Lark Ellen Welfare League and the Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company.

Mr. Clime thought up the idea, the hunters shot the ducks, the storage company kept them until yesterday and the Lark Ellen League saw to the distribution of the Christmas packages.

Yesterday afternoon and evening a fleet of machines covered the major portion of Southern California with the bundles of Christmas cheer. Bread, vegetables and other delicacies were included in the distribution, as well.

TO DEFINE WORD AMATEUR MONDAY.

SIXTEEN ORGANIZATIONS GET TOGETHER TO AGREE ON TROUBLESOME NAME.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Sixteen organizations governing amateur sport in the United States and Canada will be represented at a conference here next Monday to adopt a universal definition of the amateur in athletics.

Besides the intercollegiate association, the organizations which have accepted invitations to be represented at the meeting are: United States National Lawn Tennis Association, United States Golf Association, Amateur Fencers League of America, International Rowing Association, International Skating Union of America, United States Revolver Association, National Association of Amateur Billiard Players, International Association of Amateur Football, International Association of Amateur Basketball, Amateur Athletic Union of America, Boy Scouts of America, National Collegiate Athletic Association, Athletic Union of Canada, and the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada.

It is expected that the Amateur delegate to the meeting.

COLUMBIA WINS CHESS TOURNAMENT.

PRINCETON TAKES SECOND IN PLAY AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Columbia University won the intercollegiate chess championship tournament which ended today with a score of 10½ points won to 1½ lost. A. J. Mandell and N. W. Kempf each had a clean slate of three wins; H. E. Leeds was held to a draw in one of his games, and Capt. P. P. Korbus lost a contest after a hard struggle.

Princeton took second place with six points to six. This was third with 5½ to 6½ and Yale won only two points to 10 scored against them.

Columbia now has eleven of the twenty-four tournaments to her credit. Harvard nine, Yale two, Princeton one and one ended in a tie.

In today's matches Columbia defeated Yale, and Harvard and Princeton broke even, each team scoring two wins.

HUNTINGTO NPARK HAS SOME TEAM.

HUNTINGTON PARK, Dec. 24.—The Huntington Park High walloped the U. S. C. basketball team here unmercifully last night with a score of 49 to 14. At the end of the first half the score stood 28 to 5 in favor of Huntington Park and Van Matre as forward kept the team in the lead. He was backed up strongly by Baily as guard. U. S. C. fouled incessantly and continually, unfavorably with the new rules being the apparent reason.

Huntington Park was also victorious in the game with Lincoln High Tuesday night. In the same gymnasium, the score being 35 to 19.

The second game last evening, between the business men and Huntington Park second came near ending in a free for all fight when Guard Bluefield for the business men clashed with Burke, forward for the High, because he resented the too free use of the latter's arms for climbing purposes. Burke, forward for the High, called the game and the exact score was in doubt, although the game was near the close. The business team was handicapped by the absence of their guard, Clarke, who had gone to San Diego. As near as could be reckoned the score was 18 to 5 in favor of the business men.

GOLF AT ALL CLUBS TODAY.

Several Christmas Tournaments to be Held.

San Gabriel Collects Real Team of Stars.

Dr. Fulton Knows How to Correct Game.

BY ALMA WHITTAKER.

Christmas Day will be celebrated with golf competitions at all the country clubs.

At Anahadale they will have a thirty-six-hole holiday competition, the first eighteen holes to be played on Christmas Day and the second on New Year's Day, with prizes for each eighteen and another for best choice score. There is also an option to play the second round on Sunday, January 2.

The Los Angeles Country Club will have a similar event, but all thirty-six holes to be played on Christmas Day, match play, A. M. medal play, and a best-choice cup.

News From Cities and Towns South of Tehacheri's Top.

Classified Liners.

POULTRY-POULTRY SUPPLIES. For Sale, Exchange, Wanted.

THINGS ON WHEELS-All Sorts.

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...fied Line

FOR SALE—
OR EXCHANGE—

[illegible]

SIX-ROOM WORK, 12 ROOMS
GARAGE, REALTYPE, WALLED-IN
WILL BE COMPLETED AND OPENED
FINE MAID AND GARDEN
WITH PATH IN DEPENDENT
IMPROVED. SHOWN ONLY BY
NIGHT. TERMS. RICHARD
OWNER, 31710.

REALTY & ROOM CHASE
Large hardwood floors, furnace, gas
stove, large closets, central heating,
view of city and harbor.
Yellow oak floor, schools and
elementary building across in two
blocks. Call for details.
Call monthly for bargain. WOOD
AND J. HUGHES, 2221 16th st.

SIX- AND SOUTH MANHATTAN BLDG.
NEWLY REBUILT, 12 ROOMS, 2
bathrooms, strictly up-to-date,
Must sell.
Dillon Avenue, 6-room colonial

NORTH BRIDGE, 8-room bungalow,
OWNER, 9090921 Wilshire 4316.

SIX-NORTH WILSHIRE BUNGALOW

[illegible][illegible]

FOR SALE—ALL KINDS OF BUILDINGS AND VERMONT FARM.
FOR SALE—
 Our Lots and Yards.
 Main—
 and lots on North Side street, \$4000.
 1st on Haverock avenue, \$1200.
 2nd on Ave. 45, near Franklin ave., \$1000.
 3rd on High avenue, close in on the west end.
 4th on large car barns. \$4000.
STEELE'S MILK CO.
 Room 6 H. W. Hallman Bldg. Main

THE WEST EXCHANGE
100 WEST WASHINGTON.

SUBSTANTIALLY IMPROVED FINE
between 42nd and 48th on Washington
between Bayview and Second
New, well front lots \$1500, and 1/2
acres; or \$2000 discount for cash.
BTR. 100-102 West 44th Street, Corner
of Union Oil Bldg. A1908. Make 500;
2 1/2 miles Vermont and 2nd class. Vermont

For sale a number of select lots in
a desirable part of Manhattan City
to make building lots on lots bought

WILL & CRANE COMPANY,
Corner Sixth and Broadway.

100-102 WEST 44TH STREET
WORTHY \$2500
lot 100 and 1/2 acres. Adams
BTR. restricted, covered, \$200 cash, to
be paid in 12 months.

100-102 WEST 44TH STREET
WORTHY \$2500
lot 100 and 1/2 acres. Adams
BTR. restricted, covered, \$200 cash, to
be paid in 12 months.

BUNGAUO COURT ON APARTMENTS
between 42nd and 48th on Washington
between Bayview and Second
New, well front lots \$1500, and 1/2
acres; or \$2000 discount for cash.
BTR. 100-102 West 44th Street, Corner
of Union Oil Bldg. A1908. Make 500;
2 1/2 miles Vermont and 2nd class. Vermont

[illegible]

BOR OR EXCHANGE—
Kennedy Property.

RENTAL
Two 4-room flat, with bath-room
and two 2-room flats; value \$20,000;
rent \$11,000; three years; no trade con-
sideration; Main or Hollywood, at our own
expense \$100 month, either \$40 from
\$100 to \$200,000, other \$200,000
to \$1,000; will exchange equity for good
property.

EVANS. FRIDA.

—HIGH CLASS APARTMENT HOUSE.
WALKING DISTANCE—SECURED
FOR \$6000 PER ANNUM WE CAN BUILD
ON MORTGAGE LOW PRICE OF
\$120,000 CASH BANK ATTRACTING
\$5000. SEE MR. COOPER AT QUINN
BANKS. 200 MARSH STREET

WATER ACRES AND LOTS
on the Lower Colorado River, 17 minutes
from Loma, Cal., \$1000.00. Water right
included. Easy terms. Will sell
for \$75 to \$200, \$5 down, \$5 monthly
payments.

FRANK W. REYNOLDS
644 E. 925 Union Oil Bldg.
Full equipped RANCH with 8-
10 acres, water, located north-
west of Water, Cal.
Might consider a small busi-
ness at part payment.

410 Leavittin Bldg.
 BE SOLD THIS WEEK. NICE
 lot at Ballston; 4-room house, barn,
 and pump; fruit trees, water raised
 and worth \$3000; will sacrifice \$1800.
 Phone VERMONT 4750 or

\$1500 DOWN and \$15 a MONTH,
 and \$150. 11 fruit trees. Van Noy,
 near Andrews of
 CHAS. GUNHOFF.
 3 ACRES NEAR RAJIVIN PARK.
 Phone GARYVETA 1800.

FOR SALE—

[illegible]

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION By the Federal Census (1910)—219,139
By the City Directory (1915)—231,817

GRAND JURY DELIVERS VOLLEYS OF CHARGES.

Report Bristles with Allegations of Incompetence and Worse.

County Departments Scored for Jumbling of the Books—Jolts for County Clerk and Auditor, for Housing System, the Mechanical Department, the Hospital and Some Others.

The Los Angeles county grand jury filed its final report with the judge yesterday afternoon. It bristles with charges of inefficiency and improper methods in the handling of county property, books and other matters.

Some of the allegations: County Clerk Leland has manipulated funds collected on license bonds and is unable or unwilling to account for \$116,000. The system in the Auditor's office is a jumble and the books cannot interpret their own accounts.

County Board of Education has wasted \$150,000 of the money by haphazard purchasing.

The Public Defender has wasted money appealing cases on technicalities.

Among the recommendations the grand jury makes: Reorganization of every criminal convicted of two felonies.

Reorganization of the county departments.

Reorganization of the county departments.

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Reorganization of the county departments.

Manger Scene in the Beautiful "Story of the Nativity."



Sarah Truax as Mary, the Mother of the Child.

Last night in the impressive masque before tens of thousands of reverent spectators in Exposition Park. It is the largest production of the kind ever given in Los Angeles, is absolutely free to the public, and will be repeated tonight.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY ROSE D. ELLERRE.

THE dream of youth that dies hardest, the one that lives again with the coming of each Christmas, is that of the power to give the gifts one would like to give—to be able to lift the burden from heavy hearts; to leave joy in place of sorrow; to bestow comfort and happiness to anxious, unglad minds.

In that blissful dream we put into the thin hand of a woman who is facing the terror of hopeless poverty and dependence the assurance of bread and shelter for the rest of her life—it is all she asks of the world; we double the income of those two old people who exist on \$12 a month—and it is done—\$24 a month means wealth to them. In this moment of fancy we grant the heart's desire, be it humble or treasure, of the little one who has known only the aching of every wish; to the child of poverty, born with music hunger and enchantment in the finger tips, we offer the opportunity for study—and send symphony concert tickets.

In this wonderful hour of dreams we pay off the mortgage that is a nightmare to that man with a sick wife and the growing family and envelope; and we lend that other man, with the growing family and the shrinking income, the little fund that will give him an interest in the business and a new lease on life and hope.

Then there is the young girl—we all know her—who is working her own way to an education. She has always worn her winter coat in summer time and her spring coat in the winter, because she could never afford to buy her suit in the season; her boots are shabby when her gloves are new, and her finger tips turn when her feet are newly shod—she shall have a complete and suitable outfit, from hat to sole, from inside out. And there's the little old woman who speaks no language but her birth tongue—Spanish—and whose heart has been eaten for twenty years, now, with homesickness for a sight of the crumbling adobe walls and the broken olive trees of her home—and it is only a few hours away. She shall stand once more beneath the loved shadows and possess a memory that will gladden the few remaining days of her life.

With the wand of the magician we take a delicate, gently-bred girl from the killing atmosphere of a basement saloon and give her a place where she may earn bread for herself and her mother in healthful, congenial labor; we send that hollow-cheeked boy with the rasping throat to the great out-of-door sanatorium with a chance to work in dry, healing air; we add the beds and the equipment that shall enable the Children's Hospital to care for every sufferer needing its aid; we see that the young mother, left with little ones, shall have a home where her children may grow up with mother love watching over them and the ties and responsibilities of home to make them men and women worth while.

Then, the illusion breaks! We come back to the knowledge that it is but a dream, and, even though the dream were true, even though we had lightened these hearts and eased these burdens, there are others—countless other souls—whom no earthly power, however magical, could reach. And, once again, we remember the meaning of Christmas Day—the marvelous story of One whose love and healing touch is sufficient to all. One whose power can bestow peace of heart to every creature of the world—and they would receive it.

UNPROFITABLE SALE.

Sea Captain Disposes of His Duty-free Turtles, which Makes them Immediately Liable to Duty.

Capt. E. A. Blair of the gasoline launch Freda has been cited to appear at the office of the collector of customs in the Federal Building, and answer the charge of bringing two turtles, weighing sixty pounds each, into the district without the payment of duty.

About a week ago the Freda put in at San Diego, and Capt. Blair reported to the customs officials that he had two large turtles aboard that he had caught at Magdalena Bay. They were billed as "sea stores" which are not liable to duty.

Later on, he steamed up to Long Beach, where he sold the turtles to the chef of the Virginia Hotel, for \$5.00. That act took the testudinate reptiles out of the "sea-store" class, and it will cost about \$8 to settle with the government.

Under the law, almost any sort of goods or chattels can be loaded "sea-stores" and entered free, but they must be used by the crew and not sold.

FIRE HORSES HURT.

Collide with Hook and Ladder Truck on Way to Warehouse Fire and are Cut About the Neck and Legs.

Rags and Tags. Two gray fire horses with an honorable past, will not answer alarms for several weeks as a result of an accident yesterday while racing to the fire amid coffee chaff in Newmark Brothers warehouse, No. 810 East First street, yesterday afternoon. They were cut so badly they could not be driven to the stable, but the wounds are not dangerous.

The fire started in the blower carrying the chaff from the coffee ovens to the roof, where it is spread to the wind. The friction in the blower ignited the floury chaff, but the fire was confined to a meager corner on the fifth floor of the structure. No serious damage was done.

While Rags and Tags were turning the corner at Second and San Pedro street to approach the fire, they collided with a hook and ladder wagon. Both animals were felled and gashed about the neck, breast and fore legs.

DEATH, INJURIES AND MYSTERY IN SMASHES.

Woman Struck and Perhaps Fatally Hurt by Automobile and Machine Said to be Same Turns Turtle, Killing One Man and Bruising Three—Driver Held, but Denies Guilt.

ONE man was killed instantly, a woman was fatally fatally injured and three motion-picture actors received lesser injuries as a result of two automobile accidents, believed by the police to have been caused by the same machine at 6 o'clock last night.

A score of detectives who are conducting a vigorous investigation of the case were baffled by the mysterious circumstances connected with the accidents. Five minutes after Miss Florence C. Whitman, 25 years old, a stenographer in the employ of Thomson & Spencer, attorneys in the American Bank Building, was struck and injured by a motor car at Sixth and Wilmer streets, an automobile turned turtle and was wrecked several blocks away, at Sixth and Shatto streets.

In the latter machine, which was driven by James J. Gormley, 21 years old, No. 4443 Kingswell avenue, Hollywood, were Charles Harron, 24 years old, a motion-picture actor, No. 4500 Sunset boulevard; Capt. DuChall Dalton, No. 337 South Olive street, and Kirk Rayfield.

DEATH IMMEDIATE.

According to witnesses, Mr. Harron was thrown against a tree when the car struck the curb, and was killed instantly. Mr. Gormley, suffering from internal injuries and concussion of the brain, and Capt. Dalton, who was slightly bruised, were taken to the Receiving Hospital for treatment. Gormley is held by the police on a manslaughter charge. Capt. Dalton was taken later to the Sisters' Hospital.

According to Detectives Ziegler and Cline, who were investigating the case, Gormley was the driver of the automobile that struck Miss Whitman. They said witnesses told them that after injuring Miss Whitman, Gormley drove his car along Sixth to Valencia and then into Shatto street in his attempt to escape.

These allegations, however, are denied by Gormley and Dalton, who declared they knew nothing of the accident to the young woman.

"We were on our way to the motion-picture studio when our machine was wrecked," Gormley told the police. "One of the tires on my machine blew out and the car turned over."

After the accident Gormley, who was bleeding profusely, walked to an apartment-house more than a block away, where he was arrested by the detectives and taken to the hospital.

REWARD OFFERED.

Fred Baker, president of the Automobile Club of Southern California, who arrived on the scene shortly after the accident, offered a reward of \$1,000 for information leading to the capture of the driver of the machine that struck Miss Whitman.

(Continued on Second Page.)

GREATEST STORY TOLD BENEATH HAPPY STARS.

Thousands Drink in Rare Beauty that Hallows Nativity Pageant.

Night of Charm Broods Above Bright Scene as the Christ-theme is Purely Told, and There is a Song in the Air—Spectacle will be Repeated Again this Evening for All Who Wish to See.

BY HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK

A WAY back in the days of our young books, when each of us walked with his little dream and a red glow of happiness fell over the world like a mantle of light, in the days before we had found the little valleys of Poe or the white purity of Tennyson and Father Ryan, the majority of us had books of Bible stories that took no thought of symbol or of creed, but that told us in pictures and in little words the story of the Babe in the manger and star that led the way to where the Christ-child lay. Last night at Exposition Park we heard the story again, told as purely as in those days when we listened with eager ear, and this time the pictures were real and there was a song in the air.

Because nothing so interests people as more people, the magnitude of the attendance at the first night's production of the nativity play, the wonderful Christmas gift of Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith and 400 local artists to the Los Angeles public, comes first to mind. Acres and acres and blocks of upturned faces greeted the participants in the lovely pageant. There must have been anywhere between 30,000 and 40,000 of them. All Exposition Park was double-lined with automobiles. At least 1500 machines stood waiting to carry home the happy throng. Tonight there will be 100,000 there, for this beautiful play in sumptuous setting will be repeated at the same place and when the 30,000

whose hearts were lifted last night by the beauty of the performance, the loveliness of the exalted music, the soft luster of the fragrant and luminous night, have communicated their enthusiasm to those with whom they exchange the season's greetings of gladness, a great outpouring of the population is certain to follow.

As early as 6:30 o'clock last evening more than 5000 persons had found their way to the hand stand at Exposition Park, not seeming in the least to mind the long wait which the luxury of front seats had cost them. They knew the performance would not begin until 7:30 o'clock, but they also knew that the entertainment was free to all and that the best seats must necessarily go to those who earliest arrived. As it happened, all of those in the vast concourse found themselves comfortably seated where they might see and hear all of this remarkable production.

SETTING OF BEAUTY.

Never was there such a night for the Christmas message and it is doubtful if before there was a Christmas service of such utter loveliness. It was almost at the conclusion of the entertainment that the moon hung like a great golden vessel of flame just over the Armory, as though a part of the wondrous night's design. If anything could have added to a perfect occasion, it was the effulgence of this almost tropic moon, set in the shining horizon of happy stars.

All of the magic of a southern night in mid-June drew its perfumed draperies about this Christmas pageant and pageant, in that great open place. Night and the sky seemed fitting, as a becoming part of a luxurious setting for the divine drama. The stillness of the night was like the spirit of prayer, the purple depths of the over-arching sky were like those prayers for which the dumb lips find no words, and the gladness of the stars was like a song in the heart.

Something tugged at the heart-strings and there came to mind the memory of Tennyson's "Idle Tears," that story that the depths of some divine despair, when Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith, who conceived the plan to give the play and who managed its production, came to the stage clothed in white to read the prologue. It was night and the audience sat like little children in the dark, awaiting some surprise when Mrs. Goldsmith stood with face that shone like morning light and broke the silence with vibrant voice, which fell upon the ears of the vast multitude in golden measures.

There followed the shepherd, mad in their delight at the discovery of the star and then the richly-comparisone King of the North, upon his white steed; the dark-visaged King of the South upon his camel and the aged and wise King of the East, humbly walking at the head of his caravan in which there was an elephant that with measured tread carried the precious burden of the queen. When was ever stage a scene like this?

WIDE NOTE STRUCK.

This coming together of warrior and movement and student-kings was in fulfillment of the prophet's pronouncement, which declared: "A play for rich or poor. Or wise or simple, Christian, pagan, Jew."

Indeed, Sunnanna Clayton Ott, the author, struck a wide note of Christian charity in her announcement, and through the work this message of good will is given emphasis. At the beginning she says that the play is also for those who may have thought that Christ was not divine, and even for those who think he was a charlatan, since men in their necessity have

(Continued on Third Page.)

B. Blackstone Co.
312-320-322 South Broadway

We Wish All Los Angeles

A Merry Xmas

—and, incidentally,
Direct Attention

To Our Annual
Pre-inventory
Sale

—Beginning Monday
December 27th
—The "Once-a-Year" Sale
of Special Opportunities

—For Details
See Sunday Papers

The Southern California Music Company

extend hearty thanks to their many friends for favors received, and trust that one and all may enjoy a very

Merry Christmas

We have endeavored to supply only the very best in Music and Musical Merchandise, and appreciate your co-operation in making this the largest and most bountiful year in our history.

FRANK J. HART, President
332-34 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

Pasadena Riverside San Diego

upheld a finding of misconduct and she was guilty of any wrongdoing herself. The court continued the matter until January 4.

[Houston Post:] After a man has passed 50, he would rather have a good stomach than the shoulders of a Getch.

"Liner" section.

GREEN BUGS
HELP

FEDERAL RESERVE

BOARD STATEMENT

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—Counted by Federal reserve the last five days including the last five days of the week's statement, showed a condition December 26 day by the Federal reserve being a high Resources—Gold in vault, \$27 million fund, \$80.3 million.

tion fund with U
\$1,224,000; total
361,000; legal tes
\$9,672,000; total.
Bills discounted
curities, within
from eleven to t
from thirty-one
000; from sixty-c
\$12,830,000; over
000; total, \$64.4
United States bo
nicipal warrants.

reserve notes, net \$3,000; Federal reserve bank deposits, \$1,000; all other resources, \$1,000; total resources, \$490,000.

Liabilities—Capital paid up, \$1,000; government deposits, \$1,000; reserve deposits, net, \$1,000; Federal reserve notes, net, \$3,000; all other liabilities, \$7,996,000; total liabilities, \$490,000,000; gold and silver coin and currency, \$1,000; cash reserve against notes, \$1,000; 88.5 per cent; cash reserve against

deposit liabilities after setting
40 per cent. gold reserve against
amount of Federal reserve in
circulation, 90.4 per cent.

**CLEARINGHOUSE
BANK STATEMENT**

(BY A. F. NIGHTY WIRE)
NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The

ment of the actual condition of the house banks and trust companies for the week (five days) shows they hold \$145,902,446 reserve in of legal requirements. This is a decrease of \$12,085,866 from last week. The statement follows:

Actual condition—Loans	
\$3,211,857,000;	increase, \$1,387,000.
Reserve in own vaults (b.)	\$40,000,000.
decrease, \$17,887,000.	Reserve
Legal reserve bank,	\$162,000,000.
decrease, \$1,345,000.	Reserve

depositories,	\$50,907,000;	In
\$4,450,000.	Net demand	
\$3,253,610,000;	increase,	
Net time deposits, \$148,544,		
crease, \$2,234,000. Circulation,		
000; increase, \$49,000. (b) of		
\$417,070,000 in specie. Aggregate		
serve, \$707,499,000. Excess		
\$145,592,440; decrease, \$12,500.		
Summary of State banks and		
companies in Greater New York		
included in clearing house		
Loans, etc., \$627,080,000;		

**BANK CLEARINGS
FOR THE WEEK**

Cities	Clearings
New York	\$2,770,584.00
Chicago	253,081.00
Philadelphia	299,250.00
Boston	189,528.00
Total	\$3,512,443.00

Kansas City	400,020,070
Pittsburgh	400,010,000
Baltimore	358,415,000
San Francisco	355,012,000
Cleveland	29,000,000
Detroit	27,000,000
Minneapolis	26,000,000
Cincinnati	22,250,000
New Orleans	21,400,000
LOS ANGELES	20,921,000
Omaha	21,300,000
Atlanta	18,400,000
Louisville	18,010,000
Milwaukee	17,000,000
St. Paul	16,141,000
Rutten	14,222,000

Durver	12,000,000
Seattle	7,642,000
Portland, Or.	10,575,000
Indianapolis	10,502,000
Deloit	10,445,000
Toledo	7,960,000
Des Moines	5,107,000
Floria	4,302,000
St. Louis	2,861,000
Grand Rapids	2,807,000
Thomas	2,648,000

California Oil Stocks
 [BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE]
 SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20

mont, 16 bid; 25 asked; Central, 60 bid; Illinois Crude, 1 bid; River, 2.50 bid; Lucile, 2.00 bid; less, 4.00 bid; Premier, 17 bid; B., 10 bid; Sterling, 1.25; Union bid.

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**Private Wires
Coast to Coast
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...empt from State, county, city and
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MORTGAGE BONDS
OF \$5 OR \$10 MONTHLY
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Los Angeles Stock Exchange.

Dealers in Municipal BON
and Corporation
ORDERS IN LISTED SECURITIES
SAN FRANCISCO.

Country	Value	Percentage	Total
Canada	100	100	100
United States	100	100	100
Great Britain	100	100	100
France	100	100	100
Germany	100	100	100
Italy	100	100	100
Spain	100	100	100
Sweden	100	100	100
Switzerland	100	100	100
Netherlands	100	100	100
Belgium	100	100	100
Austria	100	100	100
Portugal	100	100	100
Greece	100	100	100
Turkey	100	100	100
Japan	100	100	100
China	100	100	100
India	100	100	100
Philippines	100	100	100
Indonesia	100	100	100
Malaysia	100	100	100
Singapore	100	100	100
Thailand	100	100	100
South Korea	100	100	100
North Korea	100	100	100
Vietnam	100	100	100
Laos	100	100	100
Cambodia	100	100	100
Myanmar	100	100	100
Burma	100	100	100
Sri Lanka	100	100	100
Maldives	100	100	100
Bhutan	100	100	100
Nepal	100	100	100
Pakistan	100	100	100
Afghanistan	100	100	100
Iran	100	100	100
Iraq	100	100	100
Saudi Arabia	100	100	100
Yemen	100	100	100
Oman	100	100	100
UAE	100	100	100
Qatar	100	100	100
Bahrain	100	100	100
Kuwait	100	100	100
Lebanon	100	100	100
Syria	100	100	100
Jordan	100	100	100
Israel	100	100	100
Palestine	100	100	100
Cyprus	100	100	100
Turkmenistan	100	100	100
Uzbekistan	100	100	100
Kazakhstan	100	100	100
Kyrgyzstan	100	100	100
Tajikistan	100	100	100
Georgia	100	100	100
Armenia	100	100	100
Azerbaijan	100	100	100
Belarus	100	100	100
Poland	100	100	100
Czech Republic	100	100	100
Slovakia	100	100	100
Hungary	100	100	100
Romania	100	100	100
Bulgaria	100	100	100
Serbia	100	100	100
Croatia	100	100	100
Slovenia	100	100	100
Albania	100	100	100
Montenegro	100	100	100
Bosnia and Herzegovina	100	100	100
Herzegovina	100	100	100
Macedonia	100	100	100
Bulgaria	100	100	100
Greece	100	100	100
Turkey	100	100	100
Syria	100	100	100
Lebanon	100	100	100
Jordan	100	100	100
Israel	100	100	100
Palestine	100	100	100
Cyprus	100	100	100
Turkmenistan	100	100	100
Uzbekistan	100	100	100
Kazakhstan	100	100	100
Kyrgyzstan	100	100	100
Tajikistan	100	100	100
Georgia	100	100	100
Armenia	100	100	100
Azerbaijan	100	100	100
Belarus	100	100	100
Poland	100	100	100
Czech Republic	100	100	100
Slovakia	100	100	100
Hungary	100	100	100
Romania	100		

Grain.
SEVEN BUGS

FEDERAL RESERVE

BOARD STATEMENT.
 (BY A. F. NIGHT WING.)
 WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—(Bye) The
 counted by Federal reserve banks during
 the last five days increased nearly
 2,000,000 over the previous week. This
 week's statement, showing the increase
 on condition December 23, was issued to-
 day by the Federal reserve board, to
 borrow because a holiday. It shows:
 Reserve-Government and north-
 Western in result, \$70,197,000; gold
 -silver fund, \$80,960,000; gold and
 -silver fund with United States

\$1,000; legal tender notes, silver, \$1,473,000; total reserve, \$2,473,000. Bills discounted and bought: Murrities, within ten days, \$11,000; from eleven to thirty days, \$18,000; from thirty-one to sixty days, \$17,000; from sixty-one to ninety days, \$12,800,000; over ninety days, \$14,000; total, \$54,421,000. Investments: United States bonds, \$18,000,000; municipal warrants, \$14,000,000; reserve notes, net \$21,000,000. The

total resources, \$490,608,000.

Liabilities—Capital paid in, \$88,000; government deposits, \$12,000,000; reserve deposits, net, \$398,608,000; Federal reserve notes, net, \$14,000,000; all other liabilities, \$7,000,000; total liabilities, \$490,608,000; gold, 100,000,000.

8.5 per cent.; cash reserve against deposit liabilities after setting aside 10 per cent. gold reserve against the amount of Federal reserve notes in circulation, 90.4 per cent.

BANK STATEMENT.
[BY A. F. NIGHT WING.]
NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The statement of the actual condition of clearing house banks and trust companies

The statement follows:

Actual condition—Lease	1966
\$3,211,857,000; increase	\$21,567,000
decrease in own vaults (b.)	\$453,300,000
decrease, \$17,887,000.	Reserve in Fed.

Depositories, \$50,697,000;	Income,
\$4,456,000.	Net demand
\$3,255,610,000;	Increase, \$7,071,000.
Net time deposits, \$149,544,000;	Increase, \$2,234,000.
Circulation, \$8,710,000;	Increase, \$49,000.
(b) of which \$417,070,000 is specie.	Aggregate reserve, \$707,400,000.

Summary of State banks and
companies in Greater New York in-
cluded in clearing house statement:
Loans, etc., \$627,080,500; increase,
\$4,617,500. Specie, \$53,053,500; increase,
\$169,500. Legal tenders, \$10,193,000;
increase, \$104,700. Total deposits,
\$829,831,100; increase, \$2,937,000.

**BANK CLEARINGS
FOR THE WEEK**

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Inc. Bank clearings in the United States for the week ending December 23, as reported to Brodman's Clearing House, were: Cash, \$4,500,815,000; check, \$2,500,000,000; last week and \$2,835,245,000 in this week as Canadian clearings aggregate \$200,000,000 or \$215,000,000 last week and \$154,700,000 in the last year. Following are the reasons for the week:

Chicago	\$25,000,000
Philadelphia	\$20,000,000
Boston	\$18,000,000
St. Louis	\$10,000,000
Kansas City	\$8,000,000
Pittsburgh	\$7,000,000
Baltimore	\$5,000,000
San Francisco	\$5,000,000
Cleveland	\$5,000,000
Detroit	\$5,000,000

New Orleans	87,498,000	10.1
Los Angeles	86,821,000	9.8
Omaha	21,890,000	2.5
Atlanta	18,481,000	2.1
Louisville	18,015,000	2.1
Milwaukee	17,303,000	2.0
St. Paul	16,141,000	1.9
Buffalo	14,472,000	1.7
Denver	12,860,000	1.5

Indianapolis	10,592,000	10
Detroit	8,242,000	8
Toledo	7,265,000	7
San Antonio	5,167,000	5
Phoenix	4,582,000	4
St. Louis	3,881,000	3
Grand Rapids	3,587,000	3
Thomson	2,042,000	2

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—Carmont, 16 bid; 25 asked; Coastal Central, 60 bid; Illinois Crude, 2 bid; East River, 2.50 bid; Lucita, 2.00 bid; Peerless, 4.00 bid; Premier, 17 bid; S. W. B., 10 bid; Sterling, 1.25; Union, 100 bid.

E. F. Hutton & Co.

New York Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade

118 West Fourth Street
Branch
Alexandria Hotel.

61 Broadway, New York

Private Wires
Coast to Coast

All Southern Points.

E SECURITIES COMPANY,
1201 HIBERNIAN BLVD.

ON \$10 MONTHLY
in. Booklet on request.
ND MORTGAGE CO.
on Building Main 174

BRYAN
PROVISIONS COTTON and COTTON

CO. BROKERS
 Home 19154—Jeddy 1911
 413-34 14. W. Madison Ave.
 New York Stock Exchange.

and Corporation
HOLDERS IN LISTED SECURITIES
SAN FRANCISCO.

100

[illegible]

tions for the segregation of dependent and delinquents are asked for

and in 1910 and the alleged illegal issuance of stock, with further alleged profits divided among the defendants. Two tracts of oil land were bought, one from the Hamilton Oil and Gas Company \$25,000 was the consideration, \$15,000 being paid in cash and the balance in stock. The other tract was one of the deal The Victor company was organized and the land conveyed to it. In the first instance, at a price of \$15,000 the profit in this first deal was \$9,000 and the stock of the Victor company and \$5000 cash, which, it was alleged, the defendants divided. On the second tract sold the profits were \$10,000.

In giving judgment Judge Wellborn said there was no intent to defraud, but he did find that the stock issued was not authorized by the corporation in organization under the laws

COMEDY FILM CATCHES FIRE IN MOTION-PICTURE THEATER AND GIGGLING AUDIENCE IS IN TEMPORARY PANIC.

A film depicting a fat woman singing a tall thin man, exploded in the eastern motion-picture theater, No. 56 South Main street, yesterday, causing a temporary panic among several hundred patrons who were deep in the picture. The alarm started, the flames shot from the machine stage.

The crowd made a rapid exit, and the show was confined to \$200 by the quick work of the house attaches. W. Allan, in charge of the projecting machine, averted serious damage by closing the steel door to the cage as

Dr. Nathaniel L. Rubinkam, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., German University of Basel, will give an interpretive lecture on Mauterlinck's "The Blue Bird" tomorrow morning, 10:45 a.m., at the College Theater, Hill Street, near Fifth. There will be special holiday music. Dr. Rubinkam is giving Herman Sudermann's "The Song of Leda," on the tenth floor of the public library, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock.

Jacoby's

'ad" in S



unday's

Roses! Roses!

AT BIER OF
LOVED HEALER

LETTER FOR NOTED WOMAN
RECEIVED FROM
PERFORMED.

Hundreds of mourners stood around the open grave of the late Dr. Ross. They were held at rest by the mother and her sister in the cemetery yesterday afternoon. The city was closed the afternoon. Practically no business was transacted.

Dr. Ross was too small to make the strong that exalted others to the memory of the woman physician and many of the building or stood in the street. Dr. Ross was the first woman physician in the city. He had been in the city for many years. He had been in the city for many years. He had been in the city for many years.

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TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST. 1781-1915

Domestic Life at Old San Juan Capistrano.



© Hode Wineman

[1901]

Photographic study by Hode Wineman.

SEE CONTENTS PAGE 31

Roses! Roses!

A Choice Collection of New Varieties

The period during which Roses may be handled in a dormant or bare root condition is now at hand, it is the period of their winter rest. The plants may be safely transplanted without soil attached to the roots, they can be shipped long distances at a minimum cost, they retain their vitality under our careful system of packing for several weeks.

We offer you below a collection of our finest varieties, in strong two-year stocks, which if planted now will give an abundance of bloom by April or May of 1916.

Arthur Goodwin—Rich, coppery orange
Earl of Gosford—Deep crimson.
Geo. Dickson—Velvety maroon.
Hugh Dickson—Dark red, very free.
Juliet—Old gold and orange pink.
J. L. Mock—Deep carmine rose.
Joseph Hill—Orange and copper yellow.

Laurent Carle—Deep red
Lyon Rose—Shrimp and coral pink.
Leon Pain—Salmon pink.
Mrs. A. Ward—Indian yellow.
Mrs. Geo. Shawyer—Deep rose.
Mrs. Muir McKean—Bright crimson.

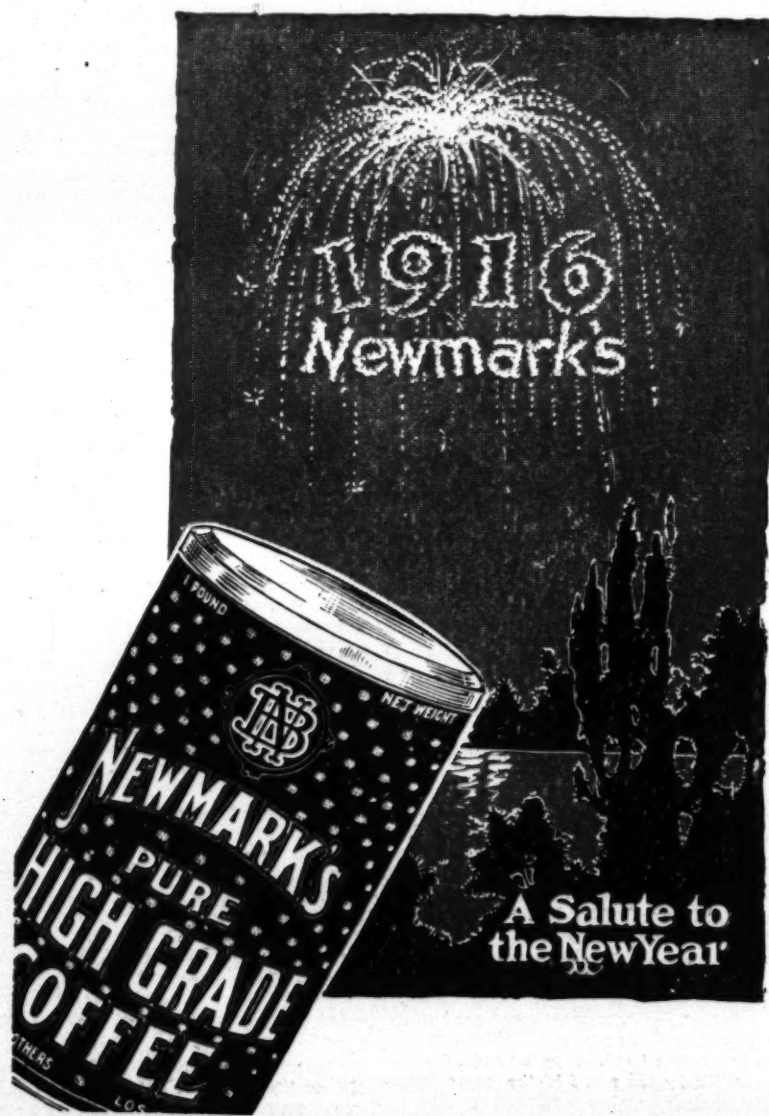
Mad Herriott—Coral red and yellow.
Pharisaer—Salmon pink.
Mad Segond Weber—Deep salmon.
Viscountess of Enfield—Pearly pink.
Wakefield C. Miller—Satiny pink.
Duchess of Wellington—Saffron yellow.
Melanie Souper—Salmon and yellow.

The roses in the above list are the ne plus ultra varieties of our famous collection, the prices range from 50c to 75c and \$1 each, during this week we will deliver one dozen plants, your selection from this list, for \$5.00.

If you live out of town they will be sent to your nearest Post Office, or express office, charges prepaid.

SPECIAL OFFER—One each of the entire set delivered free for \$7.50.

Howard & Smith
9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
MAIN 1745-10957



1916
Newmark's

NEWMARK'S
PURE
HIGH GRADE
COFFEE

A Salute to
the New Year



NEW YEAR'S DAY

May it mark the commencement of a prosperous and happy year for the thousands who appreciate Ben Hur Steel Cut Coffee daily.

The original chaffless, dustless blend—a coffee whose perfection makes it the Southwest's greatest favorite.

BEN-HUR
NET WEIGHT 1 POUND
JOANNES BROS. CO.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
STEEL CUT

JANUARY 1916

JOANNES BROS. COMPANY
Importers, Roasters, Manufacturers
Los Angeles

Look on This Picture.

By Eugene Brown.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY (THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

1918 Year—New Series! Single Copies for sale at all
Vol. 17, No. 1, 1918; May 31, 1918; March 27, 1918.

Established Dec. 2, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 4, 1918.
Jan. 4, 1918; May 31, 1918; March 27, 1918.

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures: the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliations. It is an independent weekly vehicle of good-day thought, enlightenment and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building. Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.00 a year in advance, post-paid. Sample copies mailed free on request.

A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly (or 52 copies of each) or even a quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of each) costing only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents additional, or 6 months for \$1.30 additional, in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.



Average Week-end Output, exceeding 103,000.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

THERE seems to be less and less room for the horse in Los Angeles. Now the city is going to do away with Dobbin as a night street cleaner and there will be installed instead power-driven vacuum cleaners. If the Los Angeles horse wants a place in the sun, he can only get it by enlisting for the war in Europe.

MORE ships arrived at the Los Angeles harbor and departed from it December 16 than ever was the case on any two previous days in the history of this port. Nearly 16,000,000 feet of lumber arrived here on that day. The significance of the local harbor is being continually emphasized.

WELDA HOLMES NICHOLS is a visitor in Los Angeles from New York City, and it is to be hoped that she will be inspired to remain here for a long time, or to come back soon and make studies for her delightful water colors for which she is so justly famed.

THE local campaign on the part of Federal officers against green oranges is one that should be followed to success. The people in this city are entitled to the best, and while a green orange may be a thing of beauty, it is very far from being a joy forever.

THOSE all-steel cars running between Los Angeles and San Bernardino make the sort of trains that belong to the proper electrification of railway terminals.

A PASADENA man was arrested for cruelty to animals because a lion died from a beating. Now if the man had died as a result of the fray, what would the humane society have done to the lion?

A Plagiarist and His Work.

THIS magazine is compelled to do a very unpleasant thing, namely to expose one who has contributed to its columns as a brazen plagiarist. On September 18 we published a story under the title "The Mysterious Stranger on the Train." It had been received from Earl H. Hendriksen, R.F.D. No. 8, Box 786, Los Angeles, and was published in good faith without suspicion of its having been stolen. A few days later a letter was received from Mrs. Lucy Stone (Terrill) Keller of San Diego asserting that she had written the story and it had been published in a New York magazine a little over two years ago. Since then a copy of the magazine referred to, "The Cavalier," published by the Frank A. Munsey Company, has been received and found to contain a story so nearly identical with that palmed off by Mr. Hendriksen as to leave no room for doubt as to where he got his "inspiration." Names of places had been changed, but otherwise sentence after sentence and paragraph after paragraph were copied verbatim. In no respect did the few changes made alter the character of the story.

When accused of having appropriated the story and imposed on this magazine, Mr. Hendriksen replied with a denial and a great show of indignation, alleging that the story was part of his own family history, and following this denial with threats of suits against the original writer and The Times.

This somewhat lengthy explanation is published in justice not only to Mrs. Keller and to the Frank A. Munsey Company, but to this magazine, and last but not least to Earl H. Hendriksen. It should teach Mr. Hendriksen that he cannot impose on publishers without danger of punishment by being pilloried as a plagiarist.

Let others who may be tempted to plagiarize the work of others and impose it on The Times take warning. It is our purpose to keep our pillory ready, in good working order, for all who deserve its blood-red operations.

Very Near to Nature.

MARCHING across the luminous pages of the modern magazines one will now notice more union suits than were present on the historic field of Gettysburg.

Formerly we were wont to behold quite a picture gallery of lovely maidens with unblemished teeth and glove-fitting corsets, but the publicity specialists now unfold to our startled vision an illuminated procession of twentieth century Apollos arrayed in nothing much but burglar-proof underwear and unbustible hosiery. The parade of Greek gods in non-shrinkable flannels is really dazzling. It looks as if the scissors and needle cult had been devoting about all its time and energies to the creation of diversified underwear. Paquin and Worth instead of giving their talents to the evolution of something new in velvet and chiffon for the princess are building a flock of invisible pajamas for the Baron de Skin.

Young captains of industry, cherubic statesmen, pubescent sons of Mars are presented to our enthralled vision in the primitive panoply of the bath. Some of the garments fit so snugly that they seem as if painted on with a stinky brush. Most of them look as if they had to be put on with a shoe horn and stripped off as one would shed a porous plaster. If a seam should give way—oh, what's the use? They are making 'em buttonless, sleeveless and kneeless, and will soon have 'em backless, neckless and reckless.

A popular household magazine with a circulation of a million or two will present an illustrated assemblage of next-to-nature manhood and no squeamishness will follow. An Adonis in a Cuticura suit may wander placid-

ly over the supposedly-discreet pages of My Lady's Companion, but if he sought to do it across Spring street in real life he would be shot down by the cops under suspicion of being the wild man of Borneo. A Narcissus may appear in a clinging nightie before five million eyes in a household magazine, but if he tried it in the Alexangelus grill the dames would blush hotly and scream for help.

Which reminds us of a good soul who came here some seasons ago from the gladsome State of Iowa and shortly thereafter was bidden to a little social affair in the sophisticated borough of Pasadena. After expressing his thanks for the verbal invitation he remarked to his expectant host: "By the way, what had I better wear?" "Oh, just the usual evening scenery," answered his friend. "That's all right for you fellows who wear pajamas," retorted the Iowan, "but I have always stuck to the old-fashioned nightshirt."

But with the monthly and daily prints running the line of pictorial advertising they are, people may yet become accustomed to undressing in public. It will be quite the usual thing. Presently we will be offered attractive photoengravings showing Prof. Wilson in his B.V.D.'s, doing calisthenics before a White House window, or an alluring vision of Lillian Russell doing a bit of banting in her silken Oneidas. When that day comes, God pity the blind!

High-Tide Prosperity.

A SPRING-TIME of prosperity is coming, coming very rapidly, to cover the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The tide is rising in every channel of industry, of business and of commerce, and will soon be at the maximum.

We have here a population in round numbers of 100,000,000 people in continental United States. These have among them the most highly intelligent, best-trained and therefore most efficient lot of people in industries, business and finance in the world. Our country is the richest in raw material, produces the largest crops of food-stuffs, and is fast becoming the center of world finance. These are the elements of prosperity, and being in peace with all the world we are not wasting our resources in internecine strife but utilizing them in industries, commerce and finance.

Providence is blessing our country in a miraculous way these current years, and more so the year that is coming to a close than in any previous one. Think of crops aggregating in value \$5,568,000,000 and more.

Sir George Paish is the paramount authority on finance in London, which puts him at the head of his class in the world. Speaking the other day in the metropolis of the universe, his own city, he pointed out to business men the fact that the United States was becoming the world's treasure-house of gold, was fast being converted from a debtor to a creditor nation. He declared that the balance of trade in favor of the country at the end of the current year might reach a total of \$1,750,000,000, and that next year, with the continuance of the war, it was sure to be not far from \$2,000,000,000.

This statement was made to urge European holders of American securities to deliver them up to their governments in order to maintain rates of exchange. He said these securities held in Great Britain amounted to not less than \$300,000,000 and might run to \$800,000,000. We are acquiring our own securities very rapidly, and with this result we shall escape paying large sums of interest to go abroad yearly.

Here are all the elements of prosperity, and if any one thinks this great Yankee nation has not brains and nerve enough to take advantage of the

opportunities, he does not know Uncle Sam and his numerous progeny.

This prosperity is largely the result of the disastrous war wracking European hearts and wrecking European industries. But within the current month we hear of American business concerns dropping orders from Europeans for ammunition to take orders for home delivery of things used in peaceful countries, particularly at home.

We are saving not less than \$350,000,000 a year in the money carried before the war to Europe by tourists. The exports of foodstuffs for the first ten months of this year were double these of the year previous.

Railroad and industrial bonds maturing during the current month are releasing just short of \$17,500,000 for reinvestment. American refineries are turning out copper at the rate of 2,000,000,000 pounds a year, with the price of the metal rising. Bank clearings weekly are running away above previous records. The steel industry is crowded with orders. The railroads are ordering cars by the thousands, and inquiries about cars are running close to ten thousand. In a single week steel car orders ran to 73,000 tons. Orders for 60,000 tons of rails were placed, and negotiations are pending for 215,000 additional tons. The awards for structural steel ran to 33,800 tons.

With conditions like these we can't stay prosperity from spreading over the whole country. There is only one way to check this prosperity, and that is for politicians to go on crying down every man who has a dollar, and for the governments of the nation, States and cities to keep on making warfare on big business with the insane idea that you can kill the big ones and not hurt the little ones.

Pauline Epistle to Christians.

IT IS Christmas Day today. Los Angeles is full of Christian people and Christian churches. Many followers of the Prince of Peace are saddened this year because of the suffering being inflicted upon the world by a ruthless, fruitless, useless war. This is giving the enemies of the churches a great opportunity to rejoice. Religion has been challenged as never before by those who for some reason or other not only are irreligious themselves but are bitterly hostile to all religions and to religious people.

There is just one way to silence this hostility to religion in general and to Christianity in particular. The hostility of the irreligious takes form against Christianity here in this country because it is the dominant religion of the people. The irreligious in Turkey ignore Christianity and attack Mohammedanism. In Japan it is Buddhism that comes in for criticism, and so it is the popular religion that is attacked among all people. This attack cuts like a two-edged sword, for in attacking the dominant religion there is always a sop thrown in the way of commendation to the religions that are opposed to the dominant one in a given country.

The way to answer this criticism is not by argument. In a sermon preached more than sixty years ago on a Christmas Day in Hartford, Ct., the preacher made the most effective answer to all objections to observing Christmas Day, and this is the way the wise preacher made his answer. He spent half an hour or more in summing up every argument against the observance of Christmas Day that he ever heard or could think of, and when he reached the end of the catalogue he straightened himself up in his pulpit, looked down over the congregation and solemnly asked: "Well, what of it?" There he stopped, and the choir sang the Duxology.

The way to close the mouths of all objectors to religion is for the religious people to live up to their profession. This is not done by crowding

Look on This Picture.

By Eugene Brown.

WHEN Prince Gimlet of Spielmark chortled to his embarrassed mamma: "Look here on this picture, and then on this," the plea for a censorship was voiced. Two flashings of films were offered by the melancholy Prince. One set indicated to the Queen the features of her first hubby with its front of Jove and Hyperion's curl, while the other showed her present lord as a hollow mockery and a godless upstart.

"How did that stuff get by the censor?" shrieked the royal dame, as she hysterically dabbed her nose with her powder rag and sought to remove the evidences of her confusion.

The American people have been from the dawn of the republic hostile to the principle of censorship. They wanted their religion, their morals, their manners and their diversions free from the depressing touch of the blue pencil. Over in the Old World the subjects of embroidered royalty might be reared beneath the censor's eye—and not mind it; but in our own democratic country every man claimed the natural right to stand upon the street corner and yelp his thoughts and opinions to the whole star-spangled universe. He was just as good and possibly a little better than any blooming king on earth. Anyhow, nobody could fit a wire muzzle over his expansive features, and if he wanted to think out loud he didn't have to take out a permit.

But when some of the careless motion-picture folk began to run wild in America a change seemed to steal over the face of things. The possibilities for pictured naughtiness were so vast as to be impressive. Some of the ungodly filmers started out with the erring assumption that most men craved vulgarity, indecency and impropriety. They figured that if most folk pricked up their ears at a shady story every woman must be at heart a rake and every man a spade.

Out of this illusion arose the saving thought of censorship. The filmer of tarnished mind gets checkmate for his whims. It has been fully established that clean comedy, healthy adventure and wholesome romance are extravagantly enjoyed by nine-tenths of man and womankind.

Some of the calloused souls who still infest the industry point to the drawing powers of a film depicting episodes in the life of a wanton woman and a notorious politician. This audience-compelling power was wholly because of an immense amount of advance publicity—of free advertising. The film folk are excessively human and are quick to appropriate that which costs them nothing. They appreciate the value and importance of gratuitous advertising, but sometimes mistake notoriety for legitimate publicity.

If an argument can be stirred up over the propriety of some film story and this controversy bubbles over into the public press there is a fame that seems worth capitalizing. If the argument wages furiously enough to enlist the passions of a considerable portion of the community it means fat money in the bank when the production is made. People will give attention to the last thing on their minds, whether it have merit or not.

If a recent film production over which a good deal of rich black ink was shed and many feverish words were spoken had quietly drifted into town and been presented exclusively on its merits as a pictured story it might have lasted two weeks and been viewed by ten thousand pairs of eyes. But because of the public flurry and excitement the production was good for an extended run and presumably earned a barrel of money. It was not the play itself that pulled the crowds—the people merely paid to appease their curiosity as to whether the offering was worth the stormy publicity it had gained. What they saw was merely a rather disagreeable play somewhat unpleasantly given by a company of capable performers. There was very little of genuine entertainment and the pretext that an important moral lesson was being inculcated was principally piffle. When the press agent tells you that here is a play which should be seen by every married woman or baldheaded scout he merely has a dream in his bonnet.

Because of the financial success of the engagement referred to some erotic filmers

argue that sensationalism and notoriety are the cards to play. The answer is that they will not be able to put it over again—at least not for a while. In cities where the production failed to achieve the advance publicity it did here it has been forgotten already.

The life of a clean but pretentious film story can be extended to four or five years, while those built on a day's sensation or fake advertising do well to endure for a single season. Newspapers are often hoodwinked into the press agent's campaign for notoriety and a little censorship in this direction might not be amiss. But if they are soft enough to plug up the other fellow's game a thousand dollars worth or more let their blood be upon their own heads.

Some sad-faced citizens profess to believe that the moving picture industry is slowly killing itself off. This is foolish. As we see it, the surface of film opportunities has just been scratched. There may be fewer picture houses, but the field of film-making is an ever-expanding one. There is the ever-changing short story in pictures and it is as popular as the written ones in the magazines and newspapers. Every day's work of every man in every avenue of life is a potential film story. The camera men are giving more attention to the kiddies, for the next generation will keep the industry in clover. Special films are being created for the youngsters and the Saturday morning feature show for little ones is safely established in many cities. Within another year the nearest schoolhouse will be a center for film exploitation. Each little community or neighborhood will have its projecting machine and its committee on film release. Uncle Pericles Pettibone will want to see Paris at midnight, while Melitabel Pollock will hang out for Pilgrim's Progress. They will compromise on both and everybody will be happy. The schools—even those of the Sunday variety, will have their pictured lessons. Nothing excels the camera for practical and useful nature study coupled with entertainments. The magnified activities of an ant hill are as fascinating as a hurried day on the New York Stock Exchange. There will be films in the home with the family voting on the selection of subjects. The butler and the chauffeur will come in and help. A nice little play with a bit of a dance afterward would dispose of many social obligations in an inexpensive and satisfactory way.

But the pictures must be kept wholesome and entertaining in order to make certain the future of the industry. The National Board of Censors has a staff of something like 150 umpires and there may be 250 releases a week. Some rather sorry stuff gets by, but the total results are excellent. In most cases the local boards are pokes and there should really be a standardization of films—possibly into three or more grades, in order to satisfy the variant appetites of the American and the hyphenated citizenship.

In case of famine I may yet have to take up the task of creating the scenarios for the plays, as well as acting them. If I do they will at least be clean. I have a record of ninety-five baths in thirty days, which I do not think has ever been excelled—even at Hot Springs. Our plays may have a touch of rheumatism for local color, but otherwise there will be no damaged goods.

As an actor I have supported such ponderous performers as Louis James, Robert Downing and Richard Mansfield. Some carping ones will say that my support didn't amount to much, as they are all dead. This is regrettably true. With the exception of Robert Mantell, about all the great ones I have supported have passed away, and Robert is a husky party who could live on cat-meat in case of necessity.

Nevertheless, when Harry Irving or Larry Barrett came to our town and wanted a mob or an army in one of their productions the manager would always send out a hasty call for me. He said that I made one of the most effective mobs that he had ever essayed to herd. I could cover more territory and make more kinds of noises than a saengerfest. My success as an army was largely due to the marvelous activity of my left wing.

I was once invited to support May Irwin, but after examining the lady's teeth and hearing her luncheon order I regrettably declined. Should I be blamed?

temples of worship with the most devout congregations in the world. It is not done by well-drilled choirs singing Christmas anthems, nor by eloquent preachers, talk they never so eloquently.

The best answer to all objections to Christianity is to follow the example and the teachings of Christ. The person who today goes out and finds some broken heart to bind up, some hungry person to feed, some distress to alleviate, some feverish brow of pain to place a cold, smooth hand upon, is the one who is doing more to make the world know that Christianity is not a failure but a success than the most crowded church or the most devout worshipers, with the best-trained choir and the most eloquent preacher in the city.

"He went about doing good." His life was a blessing to every person with whom He came into contact. He had no harsh words of condemnation for a sinner, but said to the Magdalen, "Go and sin no more." The publican who stood afar off and prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," won the Christ's praise rather than the smug, hypocritical Pharisee who shouldered himself up to the very horns of the altar and there made loud profession of his many virtues.

For a Greater Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES is so big that it seems as if it might be impossible for it to grow much bigger. The city is growing so rapidly that it might seem to be a miracle that she should grow any more so. Los Angeles has only just begun to grow, and the speed at which she is developing is an ever-accelerated one.

We need more industries and more business, but they are coming very rapidly. This is not moonshine nor boasting, but a statement founded on actual facts and figures. In November, 1915, the exports from Los Angeles were 240 per cent. more than in 1914, and this is for Southern California products exclusively. We are obtaining a secure foothold in South America, and with the cessation of hostilities in Mexico our commerce to that country will grow with amazing rapidity.

This is permanent business not dependent upon war in any way. Not a dollar's worth of ammunition went out from our harbor during the month of November. The exports consisted of automobiles, oranges, fuel oil, malt liquors, gasoline, distillate, horses, mules, hogs, flour, wagons, drugs, cotton, eggs, automobile tires, iron and steel, cottonseed, leather, sugar, vegetables and lumber.

The whole west coast of Central and South America is our natural market which we are rapidly developing in a substantial way. The Orient, with its teeming population, belongs to us as a natural right, situated as we are on the direct line of all commerce between the west coast of North America and the east coast of Asia, and also at the end of the shortest overland road between the Atlantic Coast and the Pacific.

These are natural advantages, and all our people have to do is to seize them and make the most out of them. The war in Europe has left us in almost complete possession of these markets for the present, and once we get them we shall keep them. With the foolish La Follette seamen's bill out of the way we can get our share of the carrying trade of this commerce, too, and our share will easily be that of the lion in the fable.

California Fruit Interests.

THE California Growers' Association is taking up the matter of encouraging peach and apricot production in the State. Pomona is in the lead, where this association controls 75 per cent. of the green fruit crop of the

section. The plan is to raise money for two factories costing \$40,000 apiece, to be ready for next summer's crop. It is said that these factories would put \$120,000 into the pockets of the growers "instead of letting the crop rot on the ground as it did this year."

It is said that the organization of the dried-peach growers of the San Joaquin Valley is exercising a great influence over local conditions. Buyers are already bidding 5 cents a pound for next year's dried peaches, and the growers are certain they will get \$15 a ton for the fruit undried.

It has not been lack of foresight or business ability that is responsible for the neglect heretofore of using the crops of the State instead of letting them go to waste. Nor is it lack of forethought and business ability that lies at the bottom of the failure to utilize the culls of our crops for by-products. It is simply lack of markets at hand to absorb the output, of cheap capital and cheap labor to enable the California fruit-grower to compete on equal terms with those of other regions where capital and labor have been cheaper, and the market nearer at hand.

Just as soon as the conditions are right American business men are always keen-eyed to see their opportunities and always have energy enough to seize upon these opportunities and utilize them to the best advantage.

There is an abundance of money to be made in utilizing properly the crops of California, and in turning the culls into by-products sure of a market in California and at the East. It seems to us that the war in Europe, instead of creating a condition in which greater competition with our products must arise, must result in the very opposite condition. In every country in Western Europe vast destruction has been wrought to orchards and factories where food is prepared for the market. It will take years to rehabilitate these destroyed trees, and with other conditions sure to result from the war on which we have dwelt heretofore it would seem entirely reasonable to suppose that competition will be less keen in the future than in the past.

Growers of peaches, apricots, plums and the like, have organized an association at Pomona with the hope of improving market conditions. Too much in this direction can not be done because such fruits have a way of getting ripe all at once and unless extraordinary efforts are made to save the fruit on the minute, a big percentage of it will be lost.

A lady who lives in this county was granted a divorce and a walnut ranch here last week. Her husband was disappointed because he wanted her to have a bean farm instead. However divided they were as to the comparative merits of beans and walnuts, they seemed to be united on the point of being divided.

When the pupils at the Manual Arts High School wanted a blue bird for a dramatic production they powdered a white pigeon until it was blue. This proves that birds of a feather do not have to flock together in Los Angeles, but that every bird must do its part.

Fourteen straight weeks of first-class entertainment have been booked for the Mason after January 1. It looks as if the drama intended coming back and had chosen the right spot to start from.

Had the President been married in Los Angeles, his license would have cost two dollars instead of one, but then he can buy just as much happiness or misery for the price he paid.

A bride of seventeen has married a man of eighty-three at Altadena. The man is rich. Money covers a multitude of shortcomings.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

BROOK AND BROOKLETS.
[From "Brain and Brawn," edited by Harry Ellington Brook, N.D., and published by the Naturopathic Publishing Company, Los Angeles.]

The Greater Wisdom.
It is pleasant to flirt with a pretty woman, but is wiser to marry a plain one.

A Bargain Defined.
A bargain is something you don't need, bought at 5 per cent. below the usual price.

Think of Others.
When you are inclined to complain of your lot, think of the millions who are less fortunate, and be thankful.

Choice of Fruit.
There is a great difference between irrigated and non-irrigated fruit. The latter is much superior in quality. A plate of wild strawberries will perfume a room. Unfortunately, Americans choose fruit mainly by size.

Victims of Dyspepsia.
Dyspepsia not only causes worry, but war and many other evils. The massacre of St. Bartholomew would never have taken place, had not the French king suffered from chronic constipation. Calvin would not have taught the eternal torment of all but a few whom it pleases God to save, nor would he have had Servetus burned at the stake, had he not been a confirmed dyspeptic.

War and Diet.
The war is teaching dietetic lessons. German scientists have discovered that the people of that country eat 50 per cent. more protein than is necessary. They are urged to eat less meat. It has been pointed out to them, by a commission, that in the feeding of grain to animals at least half the original food value of the grain is lost. They were, therefore, advised to kill off at once nine million pigs and a million cattle.

Best Time for Exercise.
The best time for exercise is in the morning. At night a man is usually tired, and exercise at that time will often prevent sleep. Also, everybody can occasionally find opportunity for a few minutes exercise during the day. The main thing is to keep the spine in a correct position during the day—to keep the back of the neck against the collar. This will be hard at first, but it will gradually become a habit. Practice doing your daily tasks in correct positions. Develop a backbone.

Health vs. Muscle.
Aim at health rather than great strength. Those big bunches of muscles you see in physical culture publications are neither handsome nor wholesome. Compare these monstrosities with the graceful Greek athletes, their satin skin not showing a trace of the muscles that lurk beneath. It is notorious that over-muscled men are short lived. After once accumulating these big bunches of muscles they cannot be thrown off. A man has to keep up exercise, or suffer from heart disease. A recent examination of boys in training, in an Eastern academy, showed that 60 per cent. of them had heart murmurs.

Heart Effects of Violent Exercise.
It has long been contended that violent exercise, particularly the competitive contests of college athletes, frequently results in enlargement of the heart. Such an exercise as rowing, for example, was thought to be especially harmful; and the members of the university crews were supposed to be particularly liable to heart affections later in life.

Some tests recently completed at Harvard University, however, seem to refute this. It was demonstrated that the candidates for the university crew who indulged in prolonged participation in rowing, showed no material increase in the size of their hearts, or other ill effects produced upon that organ.

This does not mean that persons who are not trained properly, or whose hearts are not sound in the beginning, may not be injured by violent exercise. But it appears to be practically impossible to injure the heart of a well-trained man, even by prolonged and violent exertion.

The Trial of Jesus.
[Case and Comment.] In a Roman tribunal, writes Charles A. Hawley, where the law required that the accused should be confronted with witnesses, Jesus, repeatedly adjudged innocent, without testimony, upon a charge not supported by a single witness, was handed over to the death of the cross by a judge, who, even in the act of pronouncing judgment, dramatically washed his hands of the innocent blood he was about to shed. Jesus went to the cross, not because the Jewish council had convicted him of blasphemy, not because he was disloyal to Caesar, not because of anything charged against him in either court, but because of the unmanly fears of an ambitious and unscrupulous politician. Thus it was that "Jesus suffered under Pontius Pilate."

The arrest of Jesus was illegal, his examination before Annas and Calaphas in the night, and conducted by questions addressed to him, were unlawful. The Sanhedrim was a lawful court, and had jurisdiction of the offense of blasphemy under the Jewish code; but the trial therein violated many of the provisions of the law. Jesus was convicted at a court illegally held, upon his own testimony illegally obtained, by judges so hostile that they had no right to sit. He was brought before the Roman tribunal upon a totally different charge, and there, having been repeatedly acquitted, after judgment of scourging had been executed upon him, was thereafter illegally condemned.

And thus the Jewish council, the Roman tribunal—under two great systems of jurisprudence which have long been the admiration of the world—were prostituted to bring about a judicial murder.

Suspension Bridges Old.
[London Tit-Bits:] Suspension bridges, some of them of considerable length, were common in Peru in the days of the Incas. They were formed of cables of twisted osiers passed over wooden supports and stretched from bank to bank, then bound together with smaller ropes and covered with bamboo. The road from Cuzco to Quito is still noted for frail bridges of this sort, which are in constant use and span deep chasms.

The Chinese also have for centuries been familiar with the "suspension" theory, and have constructed chain bridges, in which the weight of the roadway is supported by the tension of the chains. The first iron suspension bridge in Europe was built over the Tees, near Middleton, in 1741, for the use of miners. Two chains were stretched in a straight line, steadied by ties from the banks below, and the roadway for foot passengers was supported by the chains.

The modern suspension system practically dates from 1816, when bridges both over 100 feet in length were successfully completed at Galashiels and Peebles.

The Habits of Authors.
[Atlantic Monthly:] I was presented once to a lady who immediately fixed me with her eager eye. "I am making a study of the habits of authors," she announced. (Here a dreadful sinking of the heart assailed me.) "Kindly tell me at what hour you retire."

"Usually at half-past ten," I answered wretchedly. At that, as I had expected, her eyebrows went up. "The author of 'When All Was Dark,'" she informed me, "sits up all night. She says she cannot sleep until she has savoured the dawn." However, she was kind enough to give me another chance. "What do you eat?" she asked.

"Three hearty meals a day," I answered. "Not breakfast!" she pleaded. "Why, St. George Dreamer never takes more than three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar in the morning. Just the sight of the coffee cup will upset his work for a week."

And then she left me, sure, I do not doubt, that no real author could confess to such distressingly normal habits as mine.

The Conductor's Wish.
[Chicago News:] "I hope," said the car conductor, pensively, after taking the names of the people who saw the lady lose her balance, "that women will vote, and that they'll have a political party of their own and a convention and a platform!" "And then what?" "And that they'll advocate capital punishment for anybody who gets off the platform backward."

Acroculture.
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]
done we have in the garden today a full supply of beets, turnips, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, celery-cabbage, onions, potatoes, Windsor beans, spinach, kale and Swiss chard and what not? As a matter of fact, at this writing, within two jumps of Christmas Day, I have just picked a fine lot of Kentucky Wonder beans, fresh corn on the cob, a big lot of lima beans and other lines that usually are gone at this time. Favorable location in the warm foothills accounts for some of this.

The persimmons are just about over, as the last of the deciduous fruits. If you do not know the real food value and delight of a Japanese persimmon, just get one or two of the conical-shaped ones from the fruit stand and when jelly soft serve it peeled with sugar and cream for breakfast. Boyhood memories cling to peaches and strawberries, but here is a dietetical venture into the realm of joyland for any weak stomach which is almost equal to avocado.

The few pounds of prunes and apricots that you cured in the golden sunshine of last August, and which took only a few minutes out of a few mornings, now look pretty good, and help to vary the morning meal, leaving the richer preserves that mother made for the heavier evening meal. Those Smyrna figs which you dried nicely in September sun, if you covered them at night from the passing fog, and the white creasack beans, dried and shelled and now already for the brown jug and 'lasses on a Saturday, well—"altogether this is pretty good weather and a jolly sort of a life."

Your one olive tree is now bending with a crop of little limps demanding your time for the harvest. Pickle 'em. Also dry them. Never tried dried olives? You serve them with cold navy beans, a touch of garlic and mayonnaise.

Manifold Blessings.
In the field of scientific discovery, as in other walks of life, blessings and misfortune seldom come singly. Six months ago the Autolysin treatment for inoperable cancers was announced by Prof. Beebe of Cornell University. Four months later Dr. Murphy of the Rockefeller Institute announced a method of treating cancer (in rats, at least) by using X-rays in a special manner, and now Dr. Walker of New York makes the announcement that he has been treating cancer successfully with selenium, a metallic element which is known to exert a peculiar action on malignant growths.

"The theory of the treatment is simple," says Dr. Walker. "It has been our observation that in every case of cancer, loss of sulphur in undue quantities can be detected by chemical analysis. The preparation I have been using is a combination of sulphur and selenium. The object is to replace the sulphur lost. For this purpose I am using this compound which is really very similar to '606', except that sulphur replaces arsenic in the mixture. I have trade-marked this combination under the name of Sulpho-Selene, but there is no thought of making money out of this preparation by selling it."

The use of selenium in the treatment of cancer is not new, as certain German scientists have been experimenting with it for several years; but these experiments found that, although the remedy acted beneficially on cancers on rats and mice, large doses of it killed the animals. According to Dr. Walker, however, the ill effects of the selenium have been overcome, and several persons suffering from cancer have been greatly benefited by the use of the combination of this metal with sulphur.

Cleanliness Versus Chemicals.
For many years manufacturers of perishable food products have made use of the much-discussed benzoates for preserving their products. But since the outbreak of the European war the price of these benzoates has increased to such an extent as to be almost prohibitive.

"The European war sent the price of benzoates from about 18 cents to \$2 per pound," says a recent health bulletin. "And then food manufacturers, who claim we could not get along without benzoates, at once seem to have made a new discovery, that after all benzoates are not necessary—sterilization is a cheaper food preservative than benzoate at \$2 per pound."

The Twelfth Man.
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]
But it will be a relief to see the clams coming after this strenuous season of bucket-wrestling. Then we need not worry about shortage of men! Next year Port George will have a lusty rival in Algoma."

He was interrupted in his quiet observation by the call boy, who left a message. At the same moment Joe Blaborb came along.

"Do I get the increase?" he inquired. "You're not working here," replied Story, stiffly. He opened the envelope and read his telegram.

"Well, I guess I am till I get my pay," stated Joe, cornering a huge quid of tobacco in the jaw.

"Joe," Story looked the lad over critically. "Joe, you're young—too young for a labor agitator."

"Aw, cut it. I wasn't stuck on the job. I'd 'a' quit next month, raise or no raise, anyway."

"And you wished to make as much trouble as possible before you went? Poor principle. When McGaw left you had the chance for the job of permanent hoist-runner. I am now advised that the permanent runners in service over a year are to get an increase this winter and steady work. We think a great deal of character, you know. You have shown that you think a great deal of cigarettes and beer and a little cheap hilarity."

"I ain't askin' fer a song," mumbled Joe. "I'd like my old job back, all right, but I'm not a-goin' to knuckle my frontpiece to no one fer a job."

Story spread open the message he held and read it aloud:

"Boats now in port will complete Algoma. When finished send all available men to relieve Port George."

"Ain't the Port George gang comin' down to finish up here?" asked Joe, his jaw dropping.

"Guess it's the other way about this time, Joe. We've shown for once what Algoma can do and they've had a hard time of it at Port George. A—where did you say you were going to work?"

"Well, this company ain't used me so bad—"

Story interrupted: "One of my college men is sick," he said, ruminatingly. "If you feel like making a decent start, go and borrow his overalls." Joe borrowed.

And it is the strangest to relate—that night twelve men shattered the record made by the sixteen men working in the day gang! Joe Blaborb did not sleep till he had seen the inspector. That official was so much steeped in the pride of success that he came right out with his congratulations to the one youth whose determination he had brought out by a crucial test. Joe threw up his head in haughty acknowledgement.

"Look here, Mr. Story," Joe declaimed, husky from loss of sleep. "Do you think I give a rap for that job? I did it to show you that I mean to get along. The college fellow only had a headache and was goin' to work anyway, but he got a worse headache when he tried to take the overalls away from me. I've learned in one night how to be a coal heaver. I'm satisfied with that. What I wanted to speak to you about was to put me wise to gettin' an edge-cation while I'm workin'. I heard the chief say you got yours that way."

Then it was up to Story.

[Harvard Lampoon:] Ma—You've been drinking. I smell it in your breath.

Pa—Not a drop. I've been eating frogs' legs. What you smell is the hops.

[Dallas News:] Mrs. Casey—The doctor says ye have appendicitis, Tim! Mr. Casey—Och, Norah, Norah! Whoy wor ye so foolish as to show him yer bank book?

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Let the Link be Forged.
SANTA MONICA is the most northerly and the oldest seaside resort in Los Angeles county. The Palisades have become one of the most charming residences of all Southern California. Just north of Santa Monica lies the famous Hollywood. Home, Pico street in Los Angeles city is one of the finest thoroughfares in the world.

Want the first road. The States (link be highways across the continent.
eventually there must be three of these roads. Of course the first road will get the first overland road. California will go to work with real real they possible to develop grapes here that will be the subject of the future. Speaking authority on citrus-fruit growing. Dr. Herbert J. Webster is a great expert on citrus-fruit growing. He is even more hardy and robust than they are made much fruit family of trees may be made much in Southern California without suffering any cold as we have.

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SANTA MONICA is the most northerly and the oldest seaside resort in Los Angeles county. The Palisades have become one of the most charming residences of all Southern California. Just north of Santa Monica lies the famous Hollywood. Home, Pico street in Los Angeles city is one of the finest thoroughfares in the world.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

Saturday, December 25, 1915.



TODAY is Christmas Day, dearly beloved, and your Eagle would like to climb in flight to the apex of the sky and scream his joy so loud that it would be heard from the rising to the setting of the sun, following the king of day around the world, and so that its echo would be heard "till moons shall wax and wane no more." He would like to let out in his scream the message that the angels brought on the plains of Judea to the shepherds who kept watch over the flocks by night, "Peace on earth, to men of good will." He would like to allow this with good Charles Wesley's Christmas anthem, "Hark, the herald angels sing."

California is a particularly fitting place for Christmas celebration. It is so like Judea in its plains and mountains, and no doubt the night just passed is very like that that spread over the plains of Judea on that first Christmas Day. Nowhere on the footstool can Christmas be celebrated as here in the Golden State, and in Los Angeles, the heart of California. The poinsettias are brilliant in their scarlet leaves looking like a cardinal's hat. They came out particularly early this year, but have kept well until the Christmas week, as if they were intent on decking Christian temples and Christmas dinner tables for the good people of this good city. Side by side with them go the scarlet berries known as Christmas holly, which are just as brilliant as the original English holly berries. And every flower stand in Los Angeles is fairly encumbered with bunches of violets, blue as heaven and sweet as gales of Araby the blest at 5 cents a bunch for all comers.

And then, what fare there is for the

banquet! Yellow oranges, big red apples, bunches of fresh grapes, and a hundred other luscious, delicious fruits in their natural condition fresh from the California orchards uncontaminated with the touch of preserving pots and sugar. The Imperial Valley will furnish the people of Los Angeles 40,000 fat turkeys to regale the palates of the happy denizens of this most favored of all sections of the world. There will be California olives to stuff the turkey or to serve as a relish on the Christmas table. If the housekeeper and her cook prefer to stuff their bird with chestnuts, California trees will furnish these, too—not the little fruit picked from eastern trees, but big fellows, as big as a walnut of the English variety, such as are found in France and Italy. There will be California nuts and raisins for desert, and mince pies, made of California beef and seasoned with the juice of California grapes.

Your Eagle, friends, loves Christmas Day with an ardent and profound devotion that touches his heart more than almost any other day of the year. Oh, no, he is not a theological bird, and sets little store by creeds and systems of divinity, but he believes that the Christ, whatever His origin, whoever His parents were, was by far the most Godlike man who ever walked this earth. The Eagle is persuaded that the teachings embodied in Christ's simple gospel are the most profound wisdom and philosophy ever enunciated by human lips, and that wherever they are followed they are productive of fruits more beneficial to the human race than ever came from any other teacher among humans. In spite of everything, the Eagle is persuaded that Christianity is a great success. He has said so numerous times in these screams of his during the past year, and has had criticisms, some kindly, some wise, some otherwise, for his views expressed under this head. Perhaps he is like the man unwillingly convinced who still clings to his opinion. He has not been convinced yet that Christianity is a failure, and will not be. Why? Because the facts and the logic are all on his side. Christianity is a good deal like sound learning, only despised by those who have none of it in their head or heart. Just as

you never found a ripe scholar who could read Greek currently who would not rather have his classical education than a big bank account, so you never found a human being with the spirit of the Christ in his heart who would give it up for all that earth possesses or for his own life. That is the real test of anything, like the pudding whose excellence is attested by the eater chewing the bag in which it was cooked.

The Eagle has heard many commendations of agnostics, and he is the last being in the world to assert that they are without merit. But Robert Ingersoll, remember, was brought up in a Christian household, by a Christian mother, and all his philosophy was based on the gospel of Christ. When this arch-agnostic stood over the grave of his brother, you remember what the last thing he said was? "But it is permitted to us all to hope." And what hope is there for you mortals beyond the grave that is not found in the gospel of Jesus Christ?

This gospel and faith in its Giver have made many a deathbed a scene of peace; yes, even of joy. It has braced the heart of many a mortal to bear all the ills of life, no matter how great and heavy they were, uncomplainingly, even joyfully. Your Eagle, brethren, knows what he is talking about. He has known one of you humans, a woman, who for thirty years bore all sorts of ills, wracked with pain, afflicted with many sorrows, who was as cheerful as the sunshine even here in California, and as sweet as the flowers that deck the Christmas tables of Californians.

You must remember that Christianity is dealing with very rebellious material, as difficult to refine as the most rebellious ores that ever came from the mines of American hills. You must remember in judging of Christianity that it has never had a fair trial since the first few centuries of its promulgation among you humans. Nor are the churches altogether blameless in this matter. The Christ came to establish peace on earth, and so far as his teachings are concerned they make for peace among every pair of humans on the earth. Your Eagle is not forgetful that the horrible war now devastating Europe is being fought by professed Christians

who are the Christian church. But you know that there is not a bit of Christianity in the hearts of those engaged in that conflict, so far as their participation in the war is concerned. Peace was promised in earth only to men of good will, and surely belligerents are bereft of this quality which makes the Gospel possible in their hearts.

Very early in the history of the Christian church a doubter said ironically, "Behold how these Christians love one another!" And professed Christians still merit this ironical remark as much as those of the first centuries. Your Eagle read the other day of a great gathering of different denominations of Christians planned to be held soon where you have cut the great canal through the Isthmus of Panama. One of your churches which boasts of being very evangelical, refused to take part in it because all those who would be there would not repeat the liturgy of that particular denomination. Your Eagle perched on the ridge-pole of a temple of this denomination the other Sunday where they sang three hymns, one from the pen of good old Dr. Watts, another from just as good old Dr. Philip Doddridge, and another from that very Christlike man, Charles Wesley. He cast his Eagle eye through the pages of that hymn book, and it is his opinion that for every hymn in it from the pen of a member of the church there were two, perhaps three or four, from the heart of some "non-conformist."

You must remember that there is a new generation of humans born every hour into the world. They come into existence with all of old Adam, whoever he was, in their hearts, and every generation is new material for the Gospel to work upon, just as rebellious as that first one that lived in the time of Christ Himself. He Himself, said, "By their fruits shall ye know them." And surely real Christians may challenge the world in all times for fruits so blessed as those that spring from the teachings of Christ.

Yours,

The Eagle
HIS MARK



YOUR LANCER has the grace to feel a little de trop at Christmas time. Candid friends should curb their candor at a Christmas party. Especially the day after Christmas, when everyone is yearning to disgorge a little candor of his own. Christmas Day demands sweetness because everyone else is feeling as benign as he knows how. And the day after demands still more sweetness, because everyone feels pretty sour. We ought to be very gentle with one another for this last week of the old year. Most of us have fallen short of our ideals during 1915, and that is penance enough. And the rest of us have been superlatively splendid and reaped nothing but base ingratitude and and misunderstanding. Ask them!

Fools are the Lancer's legitimate prey. But after all, fools are often to be envied. A wise man once said that he envied the well-cared for lunatic in a padded asylum, no responsibility whatever, free to think his own silly thoughts, imagine himself anyone in the world he wants to be, no demands upon his sympathy and attention, no reproaches for duties unfulfilled, no anxiety about next year's income, lucid intervals greeted with pleasant appreciation and concern, and somebody outside always blaming somebody else—heredity, social conditions or sane persons—for the sins of the lunatic.

And the fool at large is a fortunate person. The wise are nearly always sad. The fool who can comfortably assume the world to be all that he wants it to be and re-

fuses to see the things he doesn't want to see, is an enviable person. As a nation we are at great pains to prove that we are happiest when we are most foolish, as witness our New Year's celebrations, our taste in amusements generally, our behavior at all times when we are assumed to be having a good time.

What a sad world it would be if we were all wise and sensible and dignified all the time. Supposing we all thought right and entirely agreed with each other! Hideous. The fools are necessary to the world, they keep it pleasant. The devil is always credited with wisdom—and he lures us with foolishness. He could never lure us with wisdom. It is so easy to tempt a wise man to be a fool, so hard to tempt a fool to be wise.

Force and Persuasion.

SIDE by side with our pacifists, our rule-by-reason school, there is a very virile school of force in the world. The Russian and German writers are all for force—and action. So are our moving pictures, which cannot be ignored as a modern influence. The only way to gain or achieve anything in a movie drama is to do something, to confine yourself to deeds, not words. In a recent very popular film play Dustin Farnum as the hero abducts the girl of his choice against her will and wins her to faithful wifehood on the Katherine and Petruchio plan.

And in Andrejeff's "Sabine Women," Proserpina assures her deserted husband, who finds her quite contented to have been abducted by her Roman captor, that "If I am to remain faithful, I want a strong man, the strongest there is. . . . Really if you want your wife to be your own, all you have to do is to be the strongest. Struggle for her tooth and nail. . . . Be assured that a woman only proves false after her husband has proved false."

And listen to Max Stirner: "What you have the right to be you have the right to be. . . . I am entitled to everything that I have might over. I am entitled to overthrow God, Zeus, Jehovah—if I can. If I cannot these Gods have the right in their might against me."

After all the parents' right over their children is the ability to enforce their will.

The State's right over the citizen is in its ability to capture and imprison and punish offenders. So long as we consider a police force necessary to enforce good behavior within the realm, to protect our persons and our property from our own kind, how can we argue that a foreign nation is entirely to be trusted, that they would not think of doing anything aggressive and unkind to us so long as we are polite and nice to them.

Rule by reason is a charming ideal, so comfortable and unexacting, but the cold fact remains that most of us are only won to respectability by force, only won to loyalty by strength. Pity may be akin to love, but it is generally accompanied by a large modicum of contempt.

Fifty Cent's Worth.

ONE observes with interest that fifty cents is the average purchase price of the modern Christmas gift. This from the store advertisements all of which proclaim special bargains at this modest figure, which will easily deceive the recipient into thinking it cost at least a dollar.

"Yes," a store department manager told me, "fifty cents is a very popular price for Christmas presents. We always provide a larger stock at that price than any other. Rich and poor alike seem to feel that fifty cents about expresses their idea."

It seems a nice inexpensive method of conveying good will and affection. We seem to be getting this Christmas-present business down to a workable standard. Fifty cents worth of reciprocity once a year is not so very exacting. It isn't considered good form to be a Spug (although most of us must confess sympathetic leanings toward that Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving), but this fifty cents idea seems to be a satisfactory compromise. We get all the excitement of giving and receiving at a reasonable cost. And, of course, with a little care and good management, we can do it for less. Many of those fifty cents worth, if not thoughtlessly defaced by the giver with some inconsiderate writing in inerasable ink, will do for our own next year's tokens of love and affection. By the time we have all become good generous Christians we shall be able to afford the luxury.

Madame Galski.

MADAME GADSKI has a profound appreciation of Los Angeles' business instincts. While here last week, she was feeling decidedly under the weather, and doctor's advice was to the effect that she cut her own concerts. But as this would have hurt her management quite as much as it depleted her own pocket, she made a strenuous effort to keep her engagements. Then came a plea that she would sing at the Alexandria doll bazaar for charity, under the auspices of our most charming society dames. She felt the request to be a little inconsiderate but said that if the bazaar would undertake to give her \$100 for her own German Red Cross, she would make the effort. Terms agreed upon. She was widely advertised—Gadski to be heard for a paltry admission fee of 25 cents. The crowds duly flocked. But Madame left town without her \$100. It was entirely overlooked in the excitement—by all except madame, who felt very sore about it, but said nothing.

Up to the time of writing these lines, that \$100 is not yet forthcoming. It would appear that Madame Gadski, like their excellencies, the Aberdeens, found it easier to be exploited in Los Angeles than to do the exploiting. No doubt we should be proud of our business acumen.

Her Pay

Mrs. J. J. Fisher of Webster Groves tells a story of an old negro mammy who was kept from want by the white women who gave her occasional odd jobs to do. The old mammy had found some housework to do, but after working a day or two Mandy said she must quit.

"I done have to go out collecting for the Missionary Society," she explained.

"But I have work for you to do," said the woman who hired her.

"I know," said the old mammy, "but I done haf to collect fob de missionary society."

"What do you get paid for collecting?" was asked.

"I don't get paid," said Mandy. "I only gits what I collects."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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**Home, Sweet Home'' - For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.**

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Let the Link be Forged.

be the shortest and most direct road between Los Angeles and the sea, being less by two miles than any other existing road. It may be questioned whether the shortest distance is the most pleasurable in this beautiful land of sunshine, bright days and flowers. Tourists generally find the longest way round the preferable one home, if not the shortest. But then there is business between the two cities, and this requires dispatch. Besides, we cannot have too many good roads.

Another Important Road.

Recently two Pullmans carried twenty excursionists from Los Angeles to the Palo Verde Valley. This excursion was in charge of the Southern California Realty Company, which is engaged in the selling and developing of 17,000 acres in the Palo Verde Valley. With the excursion went certain officials of the Santa Fe Railroad Company. These were joined at Blythe by several automobiles carrying county officials and others interested in the scheme.

want the first road. The States lying between Omaha and San Francisco are hot on the project. It is likely to go to that road which has the most links constructed and the least work to be done. If California and Arizona will go to work with real zeal they will get the first overland road. Of course eventually there must be three of these highways across the continent.

Los Angeles Chautauqua Association.

We have now a new Chautauqua organization organized here in Los Angeles. Chautauqua Park fronts on the Griffin-avenue car line twenty minutes north of the business center of the city and is reached from all parts of Los Angeles for a 5-cent fare. The new association has decided to put its buildings in this park. Part of the project is the construction of an artistic pavilion to be erected on a natural amphitheater sufficient to accommodate 10,000 persons all seated within the sound of an ordinary speaker's voice. There are to be stage appliances for grand operas, dramas, symphony concerts and similar amusements. The plan is a broad and ambitious one. It is expected to be a gathering place for national, State and municipal conventions, for political gatherings, business meetings and social functions. The Los Angeles Chautauqua Association will hold semi-annual sessions on the place, and expects to present the ablest and most interesting speakers of the country. The scheme is educational, not money-making, and the fee will be so modest that almost any one may afford to attend.

Citrus Experimental Station.

THE University of California some time ago decided upon Riverside as the location for the citrus experimental station to be carried on under the auspices of the board of regents of the university. It is announced that the main buildings have been decided upon and the plans approved. The next step will be to write specifications and submit them to bidders. Work is expected to be begun early next year. The main buildings are to cost about \$100,000, including a residence for the director of the station to cost \$11,000, and for a superintendent costing \$3000.

Environment Counts.

The State, even in the southern counties, is not tropical, and this is the reason that the fruit is much better here than where the family first came from. At the same time, sharp frosts that occasionally fall in this part of the world constitute a great danger to the growing of citrus fruits of all kinds. In the generation that the trees have been produced here they have taken on a much harder habit than when first brought here. This is the result of environment, and the question is how far this can be carried by careful cultivation. It is held by experts that by careful selection of types and varieties after scientific observation the citrus-

In Southern California without suffering any damage. Let no one think the citrus-fruit industry is worked out, or that it has been developed to its limits, or that the future has nothing new or greater for it. Long after the present generation is under the sod, people will be learning new things about oranges, and the present demand is but a hint of what California groves will be called upon to supply in the future."

California Crops Great.

New crop records for California also were established in corn, barley, rice, hay and sweet potatoes.

The figures, as announced, were:

Corn,	2,624,000 bushels.
Wheat,	7,040,000 bushels.
Oats,	6,963,000 bushels.
Barley,	39,440,000 bushels.
Potatoes,	10,140,000 bushels.
Rice,	2,268,000 bushels.
Beans,	3,825,000 bushels.
Apples,	4,690,000 bushels.
Rye,	112,000 bushels.
Sweet potatoes,	810,000 bushels.
Hay,	4,520,000 tons.
Cotton,	34,000 bales.

This department of The Times flatters itself in having had a good deal to do with the establishing of these new records. More than a year ago the Illustrated Weekly Magazine set before itself a campaign to encourage the largest possible sowings and plantings of all kinds of plants in the State, basing its reasonings on the demand to be expected from the European war. Every prognostication put forth here has been amply fulfilled in the records of the year.

We feel that the coming year furnishes just as promising opportunities for California farmers as the one now drawing to a close. The frightful conflict in Europe is not closed, nor is its end in sight. It will not end in time for putting in the crops of the coming spring anywhere from the British Isles to eastern Siberia, running all the way across Europe and Asia. There are more men withdrawn from the pursuits of peaceful industries now than there were a year ago. There are probably less available men in these countries for industrial pursuits than there were when the war broke out, counting those engaged in the fight and those put out of the world by it, by 25,000,000 men. Food supplies in all countries are more nearly exhausted than they were a year ago. When peace is established and the freedom of commerce upon the seas restored, with the liberating of merchant ships now tied up all over the world, the demand for food products will be greater than during the war. Winter wheat in America is not promising so large results as a year ago. With these facts all in sight it would seem to be the part of wisdom for California farmers to make as large sowings as possible.

Let It Come.

"When I started east a month ago I did not know what I would find. Conflicting reports of prosperity and depression had been heard. But I can say, after having visited all the business centers of the East, that business has never been so good in many years as it is right now.

"Chicago, and especially New York, are experiencing one of the greatest prosperity waves in their existence. And this prosperity is gradually moving towards the Pacific Coast. While in Chicago I met a man who had just sold out his interests, worth probably \$800,000, with the intention of com-

"I believe this prosperity will continue until it has enveloped the entire country. I am glad I went east, and from now on, no one will be more optimistic than I."

A Wonderful Section.

FRITZ KLOKE is a banker, ranchman, stock raiser and horticulturist of the Imperial Valley. He has been experimenting with Bartlett winter pear raising in the wonderful valley where he lives. He planted twenty acres of pears against the advice of all his neighbors. He continued to extend his planting until now he has sixty-five acres set to 7020 trees. Only the first twenty acres have come into full bearing. During the past season these trees bore a crop of two tons to the acre, and the owner has made a contract for the fruit at \$100 a ton. By placing them in cold storage they will keep in good condition until March. Some of them weigh a pound and a half, and the average is from a half to three-quarters of a pound. This man of multifarious occupations, with a keen eye and a courageous heart, has also planted fifteen acres to grapefruit. This year one 6-year-old tree had a crop of 100 pounds. What won't grow in the Imperial Valley? It need not startle the world if we hear that somebody there has reproduced the tree of life from the Garden of Eden.

Keep the Flag Afloat.

WILLIAM R. GRACE & CO. of New York are one of the oldest and most important firms in the United States. The company has been operating ships between New York and the west coast of South America for at least a half-century. They are extending their operations to the west coast of the United States now. The disappearance of the ships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company from the Pacific seemed to ring the death knell of American shipping on the greatest ocean in the world. Grace & Co. propose to keep the flag flying. The manager announces: "We plan to continue the present service along the west coast and to Balboa which has been maintained by the Pacific Mail Company. Our steamers from South America have been calling at Central American and Mexican ports recently, and the acquiring of the Panama fleet merely increases the service upon which already we had embarked." As to continuing the service to China, the shipper announced that it would depend upon the encouragement received from the government. Among these must be a serious modification of the La-Follette seaman's law.

Notes of Prosperity.

Owensmouth, in the San Fernando Valley, is clamoring for annexation to Los Angeles city in order to secure the use of the Owens River water.

Interurban traffic between Los Angeles and other cities in Southern California is on a larger scale than anywhere else in the world. The Pacific Electric Company, which manages this business, has just put on this service twenty-four new all-steel coaches whose cost is \$433,000. Each car weighs 105,000 pounds and is capable of a speed of sixty-five miles an hour. They are the last word in transportation between cities.

Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley, is about to have an additional building to its packing plant to cost \$5,000.

The Industrial Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce is out in a campaign for establishing a factory here for the manufacture of parts of automobiles. With twenty new industries located here within a month, this bureau is making good.

The members of the Presbyterian Church at San Geronimo have laid the corner-stone of a new house of worship.

Plans are hatching for a seven-story reinforced concrete warehouse at Alpin^o and Alameda streets.

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

"Home, Sweet Home"

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Rest as a Curative Agent.

IT IS very generally believed that one of the best ways to cure a diseased condition is to "work it out." This is all very well as regards certain chronic conditions; but in acute ailments, particularly injuries where there may be danger of infections, the disease is far more likely to be worked in than out.

In determining this point one may learn a useful lesson by considering the actions of injured animals, or savages, or professional athletes. The injured animal instinctively lies down and remains quiet, going without food and water if necessary, thus giving nature every possible chance to repair the damage. The savage, guided partly by instinct and partly by reason based on experience, does practically the same thing, while the injured athlete, whose career is dependent upon his bodily fitness, has learned that complete rest shortens his term of enforced idleness.

There is a very definite scientific reason why rest is beneficial and work harmful in cases of injury or sickness. Take the case of an injured hand, in which germs have entered the tissues. Here the system marshals all its forces to destroy the invaders. If these forces can be concentrated upon this one task and not expended in part by the energy necessary to produce work, the chances of ultimate victory are greatly enhanced. Nature gives an imperative hint that the limb should be kept quiet by making movements painful; and most of nature's hints are well worth heeding.

Curing a Cut by Resting.

The celebrated physician, Billroth, pointed out many years ago to his fellow surgeons, that the surest way to escape infections from injuries received in performing operations is complete rest. Many surgeons who failed to heed his wise suggestions have paid a terrible penalty. But others, more heedful, have spent years in the operating room, receiving injuries from time to time without ever having suffered serious infection.

The immunity of one of the surgeons, Heidenhain, serves to emphasize the advisability of rest. "He has cut and scratched himself at operations numbers of times in the course of his long practice, but has never had any ill effects from them, as he has always made a point of wearing the arm in a sling for twenty-four hours, with a small compress over the wound to keep it from sticking. He always gave up all work during this time and had others help him to dress and undress, and even to feed him. He escaped all ill effects so constantly that he began to think he was immune.

"Not many years ago he dressed a small operative cut on the hand of a young pathologist and tried to impress on him the necessity of refraining from using his arm for two days. Heidenhain then left town for a week; on his return he learned that the young man was dead. He had worn the sling for half a day and then had gone swimming. A chill that night was followed by fatal sepsis."

Two Kinds of Digestion.

The term digestion, as usually applied, refers to the changes produced by the action of the secretions in the stomach and intestines. Indeed, one does not think of any digestive process taking place anywhere in the body except in the gastro-intestinal tract. In point of fact, however, the digestion which goes on in the stomach and intestines is merely a preliminary process to prepare the food for the final digestion as carried on in the cells of the body.

There are billions of these cells, which form the bulk of every organ, blood vessel, muscle and nerve; and each of these cells must perform a definite digestive function in order to maintain its existence. And this cell-digestion is quite as important as, and far more complicated than the relatively crude process carried on in the alimentary canal. Moreover, cell-digestion is subject to derangements which are highly detrimental to health.

An example of derangement in this cell-digestion is the poisonous effects produced by various foods in certain "sensitized" individuals, such as poisoning by strawberries, or eggs, or fish. In such cases the stomach

and intestines are not at fault primarily, as the poisonous effects are produced if the substances are introduced directly into the circulation without coming into contact with the alimentary tract. The condition is really a failure, or derangement, of cell-digestion.

Cell-indigestion.

This kind of indigestion may be brought about by over-indulgence in any one kind of food, and the result may be a permanent dislike for that particular article, or an actual condition of poisoning whenever it is eaten. Protein substances, particularly eggs, appear to be peculiarly apt to produce it. Thus Dr. Louis Faugeres Bishop of New York cites an instance which is typical of this kind of food poisoning.

"I know a gentleman who, one Easter when he was a boy, gorged himself with eggs," says Dr. Bishop. "He ate a great many eggs—I don't know how many—and was made very ill, so that he had nausea, vomiting and fever. He was confined to his bed and made a slow recovery. It was a case of acute food poisoning, from eating a great number of eggs. Following that, every few days he would be sick again. Finally it was discovered that if he ate eggs it made him absolutely ill. He stopped eating eggs or anything with eggs and got on well. For thirty years the man could not eat eggs or any article of food with eggs in it because that poisoning had caused him to be sensitive to eggs."

Here was a case in which the food poisoning was brought about suddenly by over-indulgence, and in which the symptoms were so pronounced as to be unmistakable. But the usual form of food poisoning, which may result in organic diseases of the heart, blood-vessels and kidneys, is more insidious and more difficult to detect. And frequently it is not detected until some of the organs of the body have been permanently injured. The manner in which this may occur is described by Dr. Bishop as follows:

How "Bright's Disease" May Be Produced.

"The person goes through a period of great nervous shock or strain, some very acute illness, or some acute food poisoning, and this produces a change in the relation of the body cells to the customary food proteins. The person may be sensitized to meat, fish, eggs, or other proteins. When a person has been sensitized to food protein and goes on eating that food the cells of the body are irritated and some of them destroyed, and the organs become defective and are not able to do their work properly. When the kidneys become markedly sclerotic (hardened) they do not function normally and Nature attempts to make them function better by a rise of blood pressure. This rise of blood pressure leads to hypertrophy of the heart. It leads to thickening of the blood vessels and that creates a vicious circle. The high blood pressure damages the blood vessels and the kidneys are further and further damaged until finally we get the picture of cardiovascular renal disease—that is, Bright's disease.

It is an interesting fact which should be borne in mind that the first symptom of this condition is pain in the chest on exertion after eating. Any person experiencing this condition should change his diet, usually by cutting down the amount of meat eaten. Besides this he should stimulate cell-digestion by systematic exercise, which is thought by many observers to be the most important single item in the treatment. "Exercise makes the patient breathe deeper, it helps the digestion, and stimulates the kidneys," says Dr. Bishop. "It is the great stimulant of metabolism. First diet and then exercise. The third important thing is attention to the intestinal tract."

Clay as a Remedy.

Among the ancient remedies, the usefulness of which has been rediscovered in the present war, is kaolin or china clay. This substance, which is not even listed in the most modern medical text-books, is now believed to be a most useful remedy for treat-

ing certain internal disorders, and as an external dressing.

As an external dressing for wounds this white powder possesses extraordinary power in preventing excessive secretions; and it is also a very effective deodorant. And, as it is not irritating, it acts beneficially in certain skin diseases such as moist eczema. When used externally it should first be sterilized by baking in an oven to destroy any germs present.

Internally, kaolin acts beneficially in a great variety of conditions. Thus in intestinal disorders, particularly those produced by bacteria, such as dysentery, typhoid and cholera, it is helpful in restoring normal conditions. And even in certain infectious diseases where the intestinal tract is not primarily involved it is found that this remedy is useful in keeping the membranes in a healthy condition for eliminating toxic substances.

In America, kaolin has recently come into favor as a remedy for removing bacteria from the nose and throat. It is found, for example, that "when blown into the nose six or seven times a day in the form of a dry powder, kaolin removes not only diphtheria bacilli but also practically all bacteria from the nose in the course of three or four days." It is, therefore, useful in catarrhal conditions where there is profuse secretions. When the membranes of the throat are affected the patient is instructed to swallow a third of a teaspoonful as slowly as possible at frequent intervals. For very small children the kaolin powder may be mixed with sugar.

Mechanical Treatment of Pyorrhea.

The statement was made recently in this department of the magazine, that the persistent use of ipecac tended to prevent pyorrhea. Referring to this, one of our correspondents, who has had experience in treating this condition, writes us as follows:

"I believe you have misled your readers in your short article in today's columns. From what you say it would be understood that all that was necessary to cure or prevent early pyorrhea would be to use a solution of ipecac. This is not true, as only about 30 per cent., or possibly 50 per cent., of pyorrhic cases show the amoeba for which ipecac is specific.

"This solution will not dissolve deposits which collect on the teeth, and which are the primary cause for pyorrhea. These deposits must be removed mechanically, best by the dentist, and should be removed three or four times a year. I contend that if

this is done, and with proper home treatment, no pyorrhea to any extent will be found."

Reaction Against College Athletics.

There is a growing impression among persons competent to judge, notably among members of college faculties, that college athletics, as conducted at present, do more harm than good; but very few persons have had the temerity to express their opinion. President Foster of Reed College, however, has now gone on record as opposing the present methods. According to President Foster, "intercollegiate athletics provide a costly, injurious and expensive regime of physical training for a few students, especially those who need it least, instead of inexpensive, healthful and moderate exercise for all students, especially those who need it most."

President Foster points out that college athletics, instead of being conducted for education, "1. to develop all the students and faculty physically and to maintain health; 2. to promote moderate recreation, in the spirit of joy, as a preparation for study; and, 3. to form habits and inculcate ideals of right living." are really a business proposition, "the aim being, 1. to win games—to defeat another person, or group, being the chief end; 2. to make money—as it is impossible otherwise to carry on athletics as business; 3. to attain individual or group fame and notoriety."

In commenting on President Foster's statements, the New York Medical Journal says: "What is not pointed out in President Foster's article is the reason why interscholastic sports, which were once comparatively harmless to all concerned, have become a nuisance to the best interests of education. It is due to the changed character of the student body. Fifty years ago and less, the men and women who attended High School and college did so because they desired education. Now, at least a fourth of them go because it is 'the thing' to do, because a degree—alas, how little it may mean—is required in order to secure certain jobs, or because they are compelled by parents."

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN AND BRAWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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[Saturday, December 25, 1915.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

These opportunities have been increased by the establishment of a branch of one of our chief banks in Rio de Janeiro. The National City Bank of New York has opened a house there, and from now on our financial connections with the country will be close. The development of Brazil must be done with foreign capital, and in the future a large part of that capital must come from the United States. A great deal of money has recently been invested in Brazilian electric and railway bonds, and some of the British undertakings that are now in course of projection are to be backed by American capital. I have already written of the enormous

Intensive Gardening.
WHAT AN EMINENT AUTHORITY SAYS
ON THE SUBJECT.
This department is constantly benefited by correspondents and applicants who wish to know what crops, flowers, fruit or vegetable they may grow upon a lot of an acre or less in extent and what to plant therefrom. The editor has had some



Locust Trees for Posts.
A READER in Northern California wishes to know what species of locust tree, if any, he should grow for fence posts. The one refuting in the name of Robinia pseudacacia, known in this State as the black locust, is best. It will make fair sized posts in about

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauntton

A Man in the Making. By Robert Speed.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"MANY a good man who's down on his luck stays down because he gets discouraged and quits tryin'," observed old Jim the driller to the group gathered in his "rig" one evening. "Just to see if you're nobody acts different on different people. It'll drive some fellows to makin' somethin' of themselves; but if a man has been somebody, has lived on the sunny side of Easy street, then finds himself down on the hard knock-end of Poverty Row, he's pretty likely to give up. It's mighty encouragin' to such a chap, if somethin' happens to make him feel he's as good a man as he ever was."

"Now there was Tom Stearns. When he first hit the field he was the most discouraged, down-hearted fellow I ever saw. Dad Varley had the pick and shovel gang makin' a sump hole for a well I was drillin' that we thought was about ready to come in. I used to go out and talk with the boys; and one day one of the new men in the bunch sort of caught my eye. The pick and shovel gang, of course, is always mostly 'bos who work a few days for a little tobacco and booze money, then blow. Most of 'em ain't much to look at; but this fellow was different from the run. Anyone with half an eye could see he was no common bum even if his clothes were ragged and dirty. He wasn't much more'n a boy, 21, maybe, but a six-footer with curly yellow hair and a skin like a girl's. Dad didn't know anything about him 'cept that his name was Stearns."

"He's a good worker but grouchy—won't talk," Dad told me.

"I stood beside the youngster watchin' him work for five minutes, but he never even looked up. Then I spoke to him, but he just grunted and kept diggin' away."

"That happened several times; but the more I saw of the lad the better I liked his looks. It's a notion of mine that when you find a fellow who's hard to get acquainted with he's more likely to be worth knowin' than one who'll stick his hand out to you right away."

"After a while I got him to talk a little; then one night after work he surprised me by comin' down to the rig with some of the other men. He didn't say anything, though, just smoked and listened to the other fellows talk. I noticed he never cracked a smile when the others laughed and joshed, and made up my mind he was down on his luck and feelin' bad about it. When you meet a young chap who won't laugh he's either one of those old-young fellows who has lived fast and enjoyed everything till it's all come to leave a bad taste in his mouth—and Stearns didn't look like that kind—or else he's down and out and takin' it to heart."

"We had a set of boxin' gloves at the rig, and most every evenin' some of the boys put 'em on. This time when they were brought out I noticed that Stearns kind of straightened up and I looked interested. He watched the boys close while they had 'em on, but never said anything."

"Next night he came down to the rig again, and when me and my tool-dresser got to a restin' place in our work, Jack, my toolie, asked Stearns if he wouldn't put on the gloves with him. I expected to see the lad refuse, but no, sir! He says, 'All right.' Jack was a mighty good man with the gloves, and he had a notion he'd picked a Rube; but say, in about two minutes he had another notion that beat that one all to pieces. Stearns was the classiest lad with the gloves we'd ever seen around there—quicker'n a cat, every blow like a mule's kick. Jack didn't stand a chance with him."

"Well, Tom thawed out considerable after that. He began to talk a little, I asked him a few questions, and before he knew it I had found out enough to guess the rest."

"He'd been canned from college at Berkeley for gettin' into too much deviltry—just kid pranks, you know—and then his father, some big mogul in San Francisco, had kicked him out; told him to go make his own livin' till he'd got the nonsense knocked out of him, then to come home and he'd put him to work."

"I vowed I'd not come back till I'd made a stake," Tom says. "Dad said he was ashamed of me and I told him that when he saw me again he'd be proud to own me as his son. He won't, though, for I'm goin' back as soon as I can get enough together for my fare."

"The boy was clear down-hearted. All his life before he'd had all the money he wanted to spend; and for all of his two years at college he was as helpless as a baby when it came to makin' a livin'. He'd knocked around for six months like a common 'bo. He'd worked on hay-presses and threshers; but not bein' used to that kind of thing had never been able to hold a job long. Just before gettin' on here with the Omar he had been in Bakersfield three weeks out of work most of the time and pretty often hungry. Then he'd washed dishes in a restaurant for his grub and slept on the floor in the kitchen. 'I'm sick and tired of such a life,' he says."

"Well, I tried to talk him into staying here in the fields, for I couldn't help but like the kid and I believed there was good stuff in him if he only had a fair chance. I told him the Omar was a good company to work for and that he'd be sure to get a better job sooner or later; but he only shook his head. 'I've had enough,' he says. 'I know it's cowardly, this running home to dad, and I hate to go back and own I'm beaten, but I'm going to do it. I'm down and out.'"

"All of a sudden an idea pops into my head. 'Jack,' I says to my toolie, 'I believe we've found the man to lick Svenski!'"

"Right you are," Jack says jumpin' up. "He's the very lad for it!"

"We told Tom about Svenski, the company's fighting Polack blacksmith. It was like this: The Polack had licked two or three pretty good men and had got the idea he could whip everyone else. He had challenged all comers to fight him for \$100, each side to put up half."

"I think you can walk off with the pot, son," I says, "and if you'll try for it I'll find the fifty for you."

"Well, sir, do you believe we could get him to do it? Nothin' stirrin'! He kind of throws up his head and looks at me straight. 'Do you think I'm a prize-fighter?' he says."

"I told him I didn't take him for a pug, of course, that this would only be a friendly boxin' match; and all the time I knew that if him and the Polack came together there wouldn't be anything very friendly about it—that wasn't Svenski's way. Jack joins in and we tried our best to persuade him, tried to show him, even, that this would be a quick way to get the money to go home with; but there was nothin' doing at all. He only shakes his head and says he's no prize-fighter. It seems he'd had a mighty good bringing up, and some of the high ideas had stuck in spite of the gay time he'd had at college and the rough life he'd seen since."

"Well, sir, it's sure queer the way things turned out. Next day we lost a string of tools in the well. The office sent out some fishin' tools, but when I came to look 'em over I found there was some changes I wanted made that meant a trip to the blacksmith shop. I asked Dad Varley for a man to help handle the tools and he gave me Tom Stearns."

"We found Svenski in a devil of a temper. He was shoelin' some new mules the company had just got in, and if there's anything more aggravatin' than a broncho mule when you're tr'in' to shoe him I haven't heard of it yet. I noticed Tom sizin' up the Polack and I could see he didn't like his style. Nobody did, for that matter. Svenski wasn't much for beauty, but he was right there for strength, the muscle stood out on him in bunches—enough for two men. He had an ugly face at any time, and when we happened in on him it was uglier than usual."

"Pretty soon a mule switches him across the face with its tail; he says somethin' in Polish and gives the mule a kick; quicker'n a flash the mule kicks back, and while it didn't hit Svenski it seemed to hurt his feelin's to be kicked at. He grabbed up a stay-chain and took that mule a clout across the ribs, and then as hard as he could send it he brought the chain down between the mule's ears. As luck would have it the waitress from the boardin' house had been out for a walk and was passin' the shop just then. When Svenski struck the mule over the head she gives a little scream and runs toward him."

"Oh, please don't do that," she says. "Svenski looks at her kind of sideways. 'You go on and mind your own business, you —,' he growls."

"Well, sir, he hadn't more'n got that last word out of his mouth before Tom had him by the shoulder. The boy'd been leamin' the house

against the workbench, and when the Polack was abusin' the mule he'd taken a step toward him as though he'd interfere, and when the blacksmith called the girl that name it finished Tom. The boy's face was dead white, but his voice was as soft as silk. 'You've got to apologize for that,' he says kind of quiet like."

"Keep your hands off me," Svenski snarls, 'or I'll—'

"You've got to apologize to that girl," Tom says again."

Then the Polack went clear off his head. He was still holdin' that chain and he made a pass at Tom with it that would have put the boy out of his troubles for good if it had landed. But the kid was too quick. He jumped back, and then before the blacksmith could strike again he grabbed his arm and gave it a twist that sent the chain flyin' across the shop."

"But Tom wasn't watchin' close enough. Svenski caught him a left swing on the chest that knocked the boy flat down. He came up again like a cat, though, and then things happened so fast I can't begin to tell it all. Those fellows were all over the shop. The Polack kept trying to get hold of Tom; and if he had that would have been the end of the fight. But the boy was too foxy. He backed away and kept pluggin' in on the other fellow's face with first one fist, then the other."

"Once I started to part 'em; then I says to myself: 'You'd better keep out of it or you may have to have your own features reset.' In the back of my head, too, was the idea that if I left 'em alone the blacksmith might get the lickin' he'd been needin' so long. Of course Svenski was twenty-five pounds heavier than Tom and strong as a bull; but that boy was sure able to take care of himself."

"After the Polack had tried several times to grab Stearns and had had his face punched to pay for it he squared off and began hittin' back. Things were more even then, for he'd had considerable experience at that kind of work. The boy was the quickest, though, and it riled the blacksmith to hit out and have him dodge the punch. The men Svenski had fought before had been big hunks like himself, better on the slug than on the dodge; he'd won out with them because he could stand more punchin'. And the madder the Polack got the cooler Tom seemed, till it wasn't long before he was havin' things pretty much his own way. Then he took Svenski a swing on the jaw that would have knocked in the side of a house, and the blacksmith went down kawahallop. He lay still a jiffy, then lets out a groan and says, 'I've got enough.'"

"Will you apologize?" Tom says."

Svenski nodded and Tom started for the door. Just as he turned his back the Polack tried to pull off as dirty a trick as I ever saw. He rolled over and grabbed the boy around the legs. If Tom hadn't been quicker'n a wink he'd have been done for. Maybe he was expectin' somethin' of the kind; anyway he wheeled around, and when he went down he landed square on the other fellow's head. Svenski wasn't expectin' that. It surprised him so he let go his hold and Tom jumped up again. But he didn't hit the Polack when he had every chance to; he just backed off and waited for him to get up. It was sure a white thing to do after the trick that fellow had tried to pull."

"Well, then they went at it again. Svenski didn't show up as good this time as he had before. He was puffin' and blowin' like a steam engine. He swung that Tom seemed to dodge so easy would sometimes turn him half around. Once in a while he landed, of course, and when he did it told, for he sure had an awful punch. It wasn't long, though, before that blacksmith was worn out and the worst licked man I ever saw. When it got to where he could hardly see and was just fannin' the air Tom steps back and says: 'If you're ready to apologize I'll quit.' Then Svenski just leaned against the wall and blubbered."

That was the end of the fight. We started for the boardin' house, Tom makin' Svenski walk ahead this time. But when Stearns called the girl to the door she took one look at those two with their clothes nearly torn off and them all covered with sweat and dirt and blood, the Polack's face about like a piece of raw beef and Tom's not much better, then she lets out a yell and runs back into the house."

"All right, Svenski," Tom says, "you've done your part."

"Next day the Super has us all up on the carpet. When he heard the story he reads those two a lecture for fightin' and me one for lettin' 'em fight, and that's all we ever heard from the office about it. They didn't even fire Svenski for beatin' the mule as I expected they would—thought the lickin' he got was lesson enough, I guess. He quit a few days afterward, thour' Like any bully, he wouldn't stay where everyone knew he'd been licked."

"Well, now comes the queerest part of it all. Two days after the fight Tom gets a letter from his father. The old gentleman, it seems, had been havin' detectives out lookin' for Tom, and a little while before they'd got his trail in Bakersfield and then located him out here in the pick and shovel gang. His father was writin' to tell him to come home and everything would be all right; and in the letter was the money to pay his way back."

"When Tom shows me the letter I felt sorry, for I had got to likin' the boy and hated to see him leave."

"Maybe you'll come back and see us once in a while," I says, and he looks at me kind of queer a minute or two before he answers; then he says, slow like:

"No, I don't think I will, because I'm not goin' away—I'm going to stick!"

"Well, sir, stick he did—we never heard any more about him goin' home for pa to feed. You see he'd just lost his grip, was clean gone with the willies; but lickin' the Polack had given him a new hold; it sort of showed him he could do things after all. He stuck to his pick and shovel, and a week later when our gauger quit Tom got his job, gaugin' the oil in tanks and r —voirs, you know. He stayed with that till the company had somethin' better 'or him; and he's with the Omar yet up in the Coalinga fields."

Old Jim lighted his pipe and smoked reflectively as a slow grin spread over his features. At last he slapped his thigh with a chuckle.

"Man! man! that was a beautiful fight," he said.

Why Has Sausage Changed?

[Minneapolis Journal:] A half-century ago sausage sizzled and burst. On a cold fall evening it diffused a pleasing aroma through the house, and the children drawn to the kitchen by an irresistible compulsion, were quite sure to get underfoot—which was the great childish crime.

Sausage was then at the zenith of its power. It had all a sasons for its own, but preferably the fall and the winter of our content. When you say that it sizzled in the pan, you have said much. Sometimes it was necessary to prick it with a fork, lest it burst and sent the hot fat flying above the stove. The odor of sage was in the air and the prepared sausage had about it a crispy, frizzy, sagey "bite" that was delicious.

But how changed! How fallen from its high estate! Sometimes, we are led to fear, never to rise again. "Commercialism" insinuated its way into the sausage trade, the false commercialism of the writers on political economy. Chopped beef took its place on the links beside the pig, and it has even been said that considerable water was forced into this unnatural federation. Be that as it may, somewhere about the time of the Caliphate of Ben Harrison, sausage lost its sizzle. Appeals to the meat men seem to be of little effect, though here and there gleams of hope are held out to the hand only to become apples of Sodom to the teeth.

Some of the savants who have studied the subject find that in the old days there was youth, and the appetite that waits on wood sawed in the open air, mixed into the ingredients of the sausage. But this cannot be so, for the children of today show by their actions that sausage is simply food, set on the table, and on a par with all other foods. They eat it and make no comment. No, sausage has changed!

[Jester:] Visitor—We are getting up a raffle for an old soldier. Won't you buy a ticket?

Miss Innocence—Mercy—no! What would I do with him?

A Man in the Making. By Robert Speed.

[Saturday, December 25, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The City and the Home Beautiful. By Ernest Brauntun.

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Intensive Gardening.

WHAT AN EMINENT AUTHORITY SAYS
ON THE SUBJECT.

THIS department is constantly besieged by correspondents and applicants who wish to know what crops, flower, fruit or vegetable they may grow upon a lot of an acre or less in extent and wrest a living therefrom. The editor has had some truly wonderful returns from small plots planted to highly-specialized crops, but this is possible to a few only, and is not open to the masses. This department never has been an advocate of "a living from an acre," although such things have been accomplished. The writer has never believed in the attempt. The best answer that can be returned to arguments supporting this intensified agriculture is to quote parts of a recent speech by D. B. T. Galloway, at present dean of the New York College of Agriculture (Cornell) and formerly Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and for many years Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, both Federal positions.

"Wherever is found a permanent and successful agriculture, measured merely by the maintenance of soil fertility and high average crop yields, there is found a peasantized and labor-depressed people, whose days are full of toil and whose minds have never been given much opportunity for growth. Even in this country more than a million farmers live and support their families on a labor income of less than \$100 a year, and very little of this income actually comes to the farmer as money. So, despite all that has been said regarding the delights, the independence, the freedom, and the self-sufficiency of the farm, people are turning from it.

"While there has been a steady decrease in the percentage of our population engaged in agriculture, the per capita production of our staple crops has been increasing. This is primarily due to the utilization of machinery, making it practicable now to more and more utilize horse power and other power instead of man power.

"Despite the fact that in practically all other countries the intensity of the farming has increased with the density of population, this need not follow here. It would be unfortunate if it did follow, because an intensive agriculture has been practicable only where there is an over-supply of human labor. The bountiful crops from small areas have been made possible only by the toll and sweat of the man who, while he is able to produce these results, must do so at the expense of the mental, and I might almost say moral, side of his being. This is agricultural peasantry in its worst form, and, while much may be said on this subject of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, we do not want to accomplish this object by sacrificing the very things that make life worth living.

"The farm of the future will so utilize modern labor-saving devices and efficiency methods that human labor will be reduced to a minimum, and the farmer and his children will have time, opportunity and means of living a satisfactory, wholesome life. It will probably mean a farm of average size. We may look forward to a permanent husbandry, freed from the blight of peasantry, standing squarely for its place in the affairs of the nation, but recognizing its relations and responsibilities to other industries, and recognizing further that the fullest and best development of one can be attained only through the fullest and best development of all."

Value of Mulches.

THERE are many trees and shrubs that thrive "in the East," in Oregon and Washington, also in England and damp climates, that will not grow well with us, largely by reason of lack of humidity in the southern air. Heaths, laurels, hollies, camellias and quite an extensive list could be given. But local treatment may overcome some of the climatic deficiencies, one of which is leaf mulch. Such material keeps the soil cool and moist, yet allows the free passage of air to the roots. From a damp



THE GARDEN COMFORTABLE.

In California it is possible to live in the garden a greater portion of the year than in any other part of this country and but few places on earth can rival us in this respect. Therefore, have a combination of the garden beautiful and the garden useful and we shall find the garden comfortable. In our most favored sections we may both eat and sleep in the garden and also spend there a goodly portion of our hours of leisure. The garden here shown lies in San Diego, where the winter climate is as agreeable as that in any part of the world.

mulch is constantly arising a humidity that largely counteracts aridity of climate.

It has been proven that the plants named, with oaks, chestnuts, rhododendrons and laurels, live in part at least, in symbiosis. This is a plant partnership which is well shown in the mushroom, where the fruiting partner is manifest above soil and the supporting vegetation is a thread-like mycelium under the surface. For this reason all these plants should be placed in a fibrous soil, one containing leaf-mold, rotted sods or other decayed vegetable matter. Lime is destructive of fungi, mycelium, etc., and because of this the plants enumerated do not thrive in soils containing lime. So when liming the garden avoid scattering any near plants of slow growth having very hard wood. It will be noticed that azaleas, hollies and rhododendrons succeed best where the surface becomes green and "mossy." This indicates an acidity, which is favorable to some plants but detrimental to the great majority, so that in gardens in general acidity indicates need of lime. Not so, however, in the case of the plants herein named.

Civic Centers.

THE tendency of the times is toward civic centers and Los Angeles cannot long escape it, for every large and important city will finally adopt this policy of centralized municipal activity. San Francisco has but recently realized her ambitions in this direction, at an outlay of approximately \$2,000,000. Oakland and many lesser cities have long since adopted such a plan, so that all future building will be cumulative toward the civic center realization. The advisability of such moves is apparent to all who have traveled and studied either the artistic or economic sides of the subject.

A brother of the writer's, after visiting America's 100 largest cities, settled in El Paso, and writes: "A live city of great possibilities and a brilliant outlook, lying in the midst of an unbroken and almost boundless agricultural principality, but lacking any definite scheme for public improvement upon which all interests may center and agree. The people here believe in Los Angeles ways of doing things. We seem to need a civic center so that all future public building may be made to add to such effect and end. Have you any suggestions to offer?"

Sure thing! A civic center has been suggested for many years, and we might have these suggestions along, for we have made little use of them, albeit they are somewhat shelf-worn. The writer would like to vote for a bond issue, of \$5,000,000 for a civic center, a like sum for park development,

and one-fifth that amount for street tree planting, the whole sum to be expended within a period of five years. San Francisco once voted \$6,000,000 for Golden Gate Park, the best investment the city ever made.

Official Advisers.

THE nation and State are combining to furnish aid to all who stand in need—an era of extreme paternalism. One of the phases of this work consists of a farm adviser, whose particular functions are not yet clear to the writer. It may be that such officials may wait upon newcomers and get them started aright. But to what degree are they competent to advise all? Will you plant oranges, peaches, watermelons, celery, barley or forest trees? Is it possible that one man may intelligently advise on all these with their complex problems of soil, climate, etc. If not, what are his functions? Let us take but one specific line, citrus fruits. Is it possible that one of many years residence in California would go to a farm adviser for advice when he knows scores of successful orange and lemon growers who would help him? Men whose time is valued at \$1000 a month? Shall we ignore his help and apply to a salaried job hunter? In countries given over largely to live stock, or to wheat growing a farm adviser might indeed be valuable, for he would no doubt be chosen because a proficient specialist in the leading agricultural industry of his county. But what may one puny man accomplish in a huge county of such varied industries as those found in the fields, orchards and gardens of Los Angeles county? The scheme may work out with success in eastern states with their crop limitations, in California cereal sections, or where stock ranges dominate, but in the extreme local field the writer believes the position impractical and untenable.



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Locust Trees for Posts.

A READER in Northern California wishes to know what species of locust tree, if any, he should grow for fence posts. The one rejoicing in the name of Robinia pseudacacia, known in this State as the black locust, is best. It will make fair sized posts in about five years. In contact with the soil this wood is very slow to decay, and eastern railroads have planted hundreds of thousands of acres from which they expect to harvest railroad ties or sleepers. The wood is easily worked or handled when green, but when well cured some trees are so hard that nails may scarcely be driven in without doubling up.

French Hybrid Gladiolus.

A FLORIST committee from the French Horticultural Society examined the trial grounds of the famous house of Vilmorin in August and reported, among other things, the following on gladiolus:

"The examination of the Gladiolus primulinus hybrids confirmed us in our opinion that the vigorous varieties will be especially useful by reason of their graceful and floriferous habits, and their new colors, shades of apricot, salmon, crevette white, violet, and striped flowers."

Compost Leaves.

IT is estimated by the forest official that a million pounds of excellent fertilizer is annually destroyed in New York by the burning of autumn leaves from forest and shade trees. These should be composted by piling up, mixing with a little soil, kept thoroughly wetted and then used over the garden generally, resulting in added plant food as well as improved physical condition of soil. Such a course may be followed in the smallest gardens. The writer knows of garden owners who jealously save even the roadside weeds for the home compost heap.

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Box 17 Fresno, California

body of Zulius sprang into view. They were coming along the road we had fortunately left a few minutes before. We all lay down in the grass, and the warriors, fresh from their bloody work, brushed past us, singing their hideous war songs, *Isibungo*. As soon as it could be done with safety, my father advanced toward the spot whence came the sound of voices, and, against his high and wild, and walking, especially at night, was therefore difficult. The grass grew upon at intervals to making in carrying the rescued children, the one being merely a baby, and though feeling that every bone in my body was tired, the pity aroused in me at the scene of slaughter seemed to give me strength, and I helped as much as it was possible for me to do.

girl, who received only flesh wounds, was weak, not from the wounds, but from the barbarous outrages those black dogs had committed upon her pure, innocent person, and as we could not follow the trail or highway for fear of being ambushed, we walked through the veldt. The grass grew upon at intervals to making in carrying the rescued children, the one being merely a baby, and though feeling that every bone in my body was tired, the pity aroused in me at the scene of slaughter seemed to give me strength, and I helped as much as it was possible for me to do.

of men, women and children lay scattered most ghastly sights I ever saw. A score of hundred yards before I beheld one of the come more audible. We had hardly gone a hundred yards when the voices be- lance. As we came nearer the voices dis- I stole away, following him a little dis- orders to remain with the rest of the family, came the sound of voices, and, against his high and wild, and walking, especially at night, was therefore difficult. The grass grew upon at intervals to making in carrying the rescued children, the one being merely a baby, and though feeling that every bone in my body was tired, the pity aroused in me at the scene of slaughter seemed to give me strength, and I helped as much as it was possible for me to do.

Blazing the Trail for Civilization.

By B. J. Viljoen, late General, Boer Forces, South Africa.

IN ZULULAND.

SAMTSAU, who had been standing behind my chair as we sat at dinner at our farm home in the Northeastern Transvaal, leaned over me and speaking rapidly but in an undertone, in the Kaffir tongue, said: "I saw many of Moshe's warriors cross the river, and go toward the forest just before sunset. One of the King's Indunas (Councilmen) came to where I was herding the sheep, and asked me how many men there were here. He also gave me the King's order (Moshe was the King of the Zulu nation—at least of that part of Zululand.)"

My father paid no heed, but mother's ear caught Samtsau's words. "Boy," she demanded, "what do you say?"

He timidly repeated in Dutch what he had said in Kaffir.

"Nonsense," father said; another of those many war scares.

"No, no," said mother, "Samtsau has seen and spoken to the men who are on the warpath. We should heed the warning; yes, we must fly the wrath of these savages. Have we not had sufficient warning?"

My father called Samtsau to him. "My boy," he said, looking straight into the eyes of the Kaffir lad, "I have raised you since you were a little pickaninny, like one of my children; you must tell me the truth. Are your people going to war against the whites?"

Samtsau shrugged his shoulders and seemed to hesitate. He was decidedly troubled. After several minutes' silence he lifted his little woolly black head. The whites of his large eyes barely showing, he looked from one to the other bewildered.

"Ah, my old Baas" (sir) he began, in quivering voice, "I am your child, for you raised me with this little Baas (pointing to me.) You gave me milk to drink from your own hand when I was very small; the old misus is my mamma; she gives me medicine when I am sick, and candy when the other children of the Bantu (Kaffir nations) get none. Yet, old Baas, I am a Kaffir; I am Moshe's dog; I must bark when the mighty King orders me. My one foot is in your house, and the other foot is in the forest with the Amadodas warriors.)"

"Then you will run off and leave us, Samtsau?" asked my father, reproachfully.

"Auh! Nkosi yam (Oh, my master) my one heart he tells me no, and my other heart tells me yes," answered the confused Samtsau, who, though he had lived within the shadow of our home and civilization ever since a babe, and though he was now half-grown, the character of the savage, the instinct of the Kaffir, was yet paramount in his make-up. It was almost pathetic to see the young Kaffir struggle in his fight to choose between his white foster-parents and his own people. It was only too apparent that in giving us warning he had conceded as much as we could expect of him.

All the rest of our Kaffir servants had disappeared the night before, and the only other servant we had left was a Hottentot named Adoons, who was with the cattle herd, but when I went to call him I found that he, too, was missing.

Before midnight Samtsau was found to have slipped out of the porch room in which he slept, taking with him only his native garb of blankets and beads. When this was discovered there was no longer any doubt that the Kaffirs were on the warpath.

Bloodthirsty Moshe.

It was in the wild, stormy days of the '70's. Our frontier farms on the western slopes of the famous Matoppos Mountains bordered Basutoland, where reigned the bloodthirsty King of all Zululand, the dreaded Moshe, who never spoke the same word twice, and in whose eyes mercy was a crime.

From the first Moshe had not concealed his hatred of the white man. He had resisted the advance of civilization toward his secret domain. No white man had ever penetrated to the interior. Even Livingstone and Stanley had not dared to tread the forbidden land where the elephant and the wild ostrich roamed undisturbed.

Fearful lest his domain was at last to be

invaded he had called his councilors about him.

"The white-faces are eager for the yellow metal and the glistening stone that shines bright like the sun," he had said. "My country is rich with these. The white dogs, curse them, are schemers. They will bribe my people to lead them to the old mines where my father dug out these things, and if they once see them and touch with their hands the gold and the shining stones they are so crazy about, the white ants will swarm into my country like the locusts and my warriors will tire and their assegais will be worn out before they can kill them all. And if we don't kill them to the last one they will call more to come from across the great water and they will take away our country, our cattle and our wives. The curse of Chaka and the rainbow on them."

"I speak, therefore, and let my Indunas hear the word and carry it forth to all the children of Chaka. Sharpen your *isikuto* assegais, harden your shields, and on the last night of this moon, while the white-faces are yet dreaming of the yellow metal and the shining stones, stab your assegais deep, and while the blood is still warm and dripping from the blade, rub your muscles with it so that courage and victory may come speedily to my warriors."

"When you have finished those nearest to our borders, go onward until you get the leader. Cut his heart out and bring it to me, and when your assegais have become blunt return and we shall rest two moons while we eat of their cattle and snuff the powdered hearts of the white-faces."

The proclamation of King Moshe to his people had reached the ears of Samtsau, the 14-year-old Zulu who had been taken by my father when a baby and raised as one of the family. Samtsau was four years older than I, but we were playmates and he was fond of me. And that is why he gave me warning.

A Fearful Night.

My father's first impulse was to hitch up a team of oxen that night and take the family to the nearest laager, or refuge, but we had over 6000 head of stock and my father could not drive the ox team and manage the stock at night without help. It was decided to take the chance of remaining until morning. During the night we would pack the most necessary things and at dawn mother would start the children in the wagon for the laager and father would follow with the stock.

It was a night of anxiety and fear. Nobody except the smaller children, who did not realize the danger, slept. With his rifle and bandolier father did picket duty all night. From time to time mother, anxiously and nervously packing things, would stop long enough to prepare a cup of coffee and I would take it out to my father.

Day at last began to break, and it seemed that we would be on our way before the Kaffirs came, but in the instant that hope began to rise, sounds came from the forest that filled us with terror and despair. The Kaffirs were coming. Like a huge cloud driven by the wind they swept down upon our little defenseless homestead. At the first sounds from the forest father had come to the house.

"There is no hope of escape now," he said hurriedly to mother. "They are coming. If they do not find me here they may spare you and the children. I will hide in the thicket in the orchard. If they attack you and the children I will kill as many as I can and make them pay dearly for our lives."

He knew that the Kaffirs always killed the men first and then slaughtered the women and children, and he knew that the only hope was for him to keep out of their way, knowing that they sometimes spared women and children where there were no men to kill.

Theft, Murder and Torch.

The Kaffirs threw open the cattle and sheep corrals and stampeded the stock. The torch was applied to the outbuildings, and as the flames leaped up the horde of savages rushed upon the house with blood-curdling whoops and yells.

They jumped in through the doors and windows and ran through the house looking for father. As they ran they smashed the furniture and dismantled the rooms.

Enraged at not finding my father, they set fire to the house. As mother dragged the frantic children from the burning house she caught up a few pieces of clothing, but they were snatched from her and thrown back into the flames.

"You don't need clothes, you white dogs," shouted the savages. "Moshe wants your livers. Bulala! Bulala!" (Kill! Kill!)

My mother, my three sisters and myself were dragged and buffeted here and there. The bucks prodded me with their assegais.

"Let the women live," shouted a buck, "but kill the *kwedenie* (boy.)"

"Why let the women live?" demanded, a surly brute.

"The old one gave us medicine when we came to her sick," he was answered. "She is a doctor and she may be a witch and cause our assegais to waver."

"All right; kill the little steer," shouted the savages, and a score of assegais were poised and pointed at my heart. In a transport of terror I clung to my mother. She begged them to kill her and spare me. "Kill the *kwedenie*!" they shouted.

A young buck darted forward and stabbed at me. Mother struck the assegai aside and the point only grazed my shoulder. Another stabbed at me, and my mother threw herself between us and received the thrust in the arm.

To the Rescue.

Before another assegai could be hurled a black boy darted forward and threw himself between us and the savages. It was Samtsau.

"Stop, you cowards!" he cried. "Are you blind? Will you war on the woman who has doctored so many of you? Don't you remember when the King's child was dying she gave it medicine and saved its life? Don't dare to touch her or her children, lest your assegais bounce back into your own breasts."

The savages wanted to kill, though, and they were not to be dissuaded by a boy. Enraged by his opposition, they made another rush and would have carried him off his feet, but a big Kaffir sprang to his side and, raising his assegai menacingly, he commanded the savages to fall back. It was Matiso, Samtsau's uncle, a Kaffir of authority. "The boy is right," he cried, awing the others into silence. "The first to lay a hand on the woman and her children will die by my hand."

Calling a few of the older men to him, they formed a circle around us, and thus protected we moved away, at Matiso's direction, to the orchard.

"Where is *Sipekkepeke*?" (my father's Kaffir name) asked Matiso, as soon as we were a little distance from the burning house.

"He left last night, and I do not know where he went," said my mother.

"I am glad of that," said Matiso. "They would never have spared you if he had been here. They would have killed him, and at the sight of blood they would not have stopped until you were all dead."

I fancied I saw my father's eyes glistening in the thicket near where we stood, and I could not help thinking what an unequal combat it would have been, one white man against a thousand raving, yelling, plundering savages, thirsting for blood.

In a little while our house was a heap of smoldering ruins. Near lay the carcass of our mastiff watch dog, which had rushed to our defense when the Kaffirs came, only to be hacked to death by the battleaxes. Around the ruins the savages sang their war songs and danced their terrible *sibungu*.

All day we were huddled together in the orchard, constantly fearful lest the savages yet decide to kill us. As night approached rifle firing was heard beyond the hillock to the east of our house, where several stock farmers, as we learned later, were fighting for their lives. With wild yells the savages swarmed over the hillock and down the other side, and in a little while the firing ceased. The next day the stock farmers

and their families were all found massacred and their farms desolated.

As the sun sank behind the peaks of the Matoppos Mountains and the sounds which came from over the hillock indicated that the Kaffirs were rushing on to the eastward, bent upon a night of flame and slaughter, father came cautiously from the thicket. No word was spoken. He gathered us all in his arms and we sank down on our knees and thanked God for our deliverance.

It was nightfall. The little family, composed of father, mother, myself, then only 10 years old, and two younger sisters, found itself tramping the high road, fleeing from the savage warriors, toward the camping place on the slopes of the Matoppos. Our beautiful homestead, with all our earthly possessions, was reduced to a charred heap of smoldering debris.

Moshe, the relentless Zulu King, had commanded the massacre of all the pale-faces who threatened encroachment upon his sacred domain. His warriors, long since eager to again bathe their assegais in the blood of the palefaces, had dashed forth at the signal from the King and swept down upon the scattered pioneer farmers who dwelt along the borders of Basutoland, and, with war cries rending the air and massacre in their hearts, the cruellest and most blood-curdling episode in the lamentable history of South Africa was being enacted.

The Weary Night March.

When Moshe's hordes swept down that morning upon our defenseless home no one had ever given a glimmer of hope that we would be alive that night. Our escape was indeed a miracle. Had it not been for father's judgment in concealing himself we would assuredly have been counted among the many victims of that memorable day. The spot where it had been decided that the pioneers should gather in camp, and prepare defenses in case of an outbreak, lay fourteen miles away, but thither lay our only road of hope, and although after a strenuous day of trials and agonies, without water or food, we found ourselves well-nigh exhausted, we started on our journey. I was a hardened farm lad and accustomed to walking, yet before our long night march was half completed my legs began to wobble. When I saw, however, that my poor mother, as well as my father, had each to carry one of the little sisters, I decided that there was no other hope for me than to trot on.

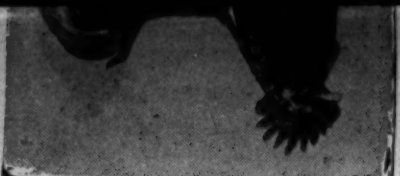
It was a clear, starlit night, and we could see the red reflection of burning farms and homesteads tinting the sky in all directions. About midnight we reached a little creek. The rippling sound of the stream of fresh mountain water which greeted our burning ears was the most harmonious melody I had ever heard. We drank eagerly and squatted on the green grass for a while to rest our limbs. Father was constantly on the alert, for we knew not what we might yet encounter. The night was silent. The deathly calm which reigned, interrupted only by the somber hoo-hoo of the owl, seemed to forebode approaching danger. Presently father, who alone was standing, for the purpose of keeping watch, motioned us to follow. We all rose and followed him in silence as he led us away from the road a distance of a hundred feet. Again we halted, and this time he motioned us not to speak above a whisper, as he heard voices ahead of us and wanted to ascertain the character of the speakers before we went farther. After an absence of an hour, which seemed to us like a week, he returned. Though it was night, I could see that his countenance was pale and his voice trembled. "Let us be gone without further delay," he said. "We must make a long detour through the veldt (country) and leave the trail, for over there," pointing ahead, "not 200 yards away, the Basutos just killed some people. Hush," he commanded; "listen; you can still hear the voices of others." As he said this we heard distinctly the shrill voice of an infant, in sharp contrast to the moans of the men and women apparently in agony.

A Grim Avenger Aroused.

As we were about to proceed a large



LET, we have received the following correspondence from R. Frederick Grove of Glen-
dale: "I have at present about 300 artichoke
plants growing. Most people know artichoke
choke only as a food for hogs. Now the
Jerusalem artichoke, which grows tubers
under the ground like potatoes and is raised
extensively for stock feed, is not the



W HEN the day-old chick business first
got to going the opinion was ex-
pressed in these columns that its uti-
lity of breeding stock to deteriorate in so far
as it applied to commercial poultry culture.
At that time many took exception to this
opinion; but in the light of actual experi-

TEN-CENT CHICKS.

The Day-Old Chick—A Southwest Pest.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

Acreculture and Homeroft Topics.

By M. V. Hartranft.

DEFINITIONS.

WEBSTER defines a croft as a small inclosed field, adjoining a house; a small farm. A crofter is one who rents or owns and tills a small farm—as the crofters of Scotland. And, therefore, a homeroft is a home sustained by a small farm. In America, the land of big things, the word "homestead" denotes a vast estate as compared with the Scotch word homeroft. We must either adopt the title of "garden-farm" or homeroft to always convey the meaning of this new development in Southern California life.

Hall the homerofters of Southern California!

A homeroft association in your community will mean more than a garden-farming club; homerofting comprehends every detail of living in direct co-partnership with the Creator of Southern California. It means not only the collecting of your living direct from the soil, but also multiplying the religious, social, amusement and financial resources of your community. In other words, the homeroft association of Southern California, being formed under the leadership of George H. Maxwell of the National Reclamation Association, intend to relegate money-getting to a secondary and unimportant place, by making it a primary plan of our daily life to "take" our living directly from the garden and poultry pens in this glorious climate of California so that we get along very much better without very much money.

If you are accustomed solely to the fateful wage system and have not followed the subject on this page during the past ten months, you may think this is an ideal fad, but you will find, upon investigation, that the plan is being successfully written upon the face of the earth in California, and a sounder economic basis for our future prosperity thereby being laid.

The Unimportance of Money.

The homerofter in his abandonment of money as the primary wheel in his life machinery has notable companionship in the recent action of the German government, which refuses to sell sugar-beet seed to American importers "unless the beet seed is paid for in commodities and the safe delivery thereof in Germany guaranteed." Germany refused American gold for her beet seed and demanded grain.

Germany made this refusal, because in undertaking to transform gold into corn and wheat from America she had to run the blockades of battleships, fortifications and submarines and pay the cost of foreign exchange both ways. She, therefore, demanded payment for her beet seed directly in American foodstuffs.

The newcomer, past his prime, who comes to California to sell his labor for money with which to buy the necessities of life, like Germany, must run the blockade of finding a job, and pay the premium of exchange to every broker, agent, carrier and other factors constituting the frightful overhead charges of modern civilization. Instead of attempting to turn his labor into money to buy his canned beans and canned asparagus, he can collect these and all other necessary foodstuffs direct from his homeroft with the expenditure of just one-fifth the labor ordinarily required. Instead of eating those commodities from cans he will have fresh beans throughout winter (Windsors,) and when his asparagus has finished sprouting and gone to seed he will use the superior winter, autumn and summer substitute, referred to herein below.

Millions of the best class of American citizenship have reached that point in life where their personal problem is parallel to that of Germany. These prime American people, who have passed their prime with moderate savings, look yearningly to this land of dreams, and the first question they ask is for light employment. The homeroft leaders answer them that we have one great job in California, that's big enough to go around. The job of feeding yourself direct from this land, where there are no lay-offs on account of weather, and the wages consist of a good living for a family by the diligent, methodic labor of one man only two hours a day. We have put entirely too

many of these newcomers to work building bungalows without a croft therewith to sustain them. Greater Southern California will build bungalow homerofts through all the years thenceforth to come.

The homerofter soon learns that proper attention to the necessary twelve hens (no more) the milk goat, the eight pair of pigeons, a few rabbits, the garden work, does not require over two hours of week-day labor for the luxurious living of a family of five, leaving the rest of the day for the money-getting pursuits to cover the expenses of clothing, taxes and amusements. The low cost of living in Southern California, when understood, will make the dream of our wildest promoters come true, because that fact alone when worked out daily by thousands will attract to us a population of our own kin and kind that will make the face of this land smile and abolish all fears about preparedness.

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Homeroft Doings.

Now that the autumn leaves have fallen remember to save them. Into the humus-hole they go. Do you see that smoke rising from yonder tree clump? A la Sherlock Holmes, we decide that those folks are either shiftless Mexicans or hustling Americans, for they both burn their vegetable litter. All leaves, vegetable litter and manure must go back to the soil, primarily for the mechanical and bacterial effect, and secondarily, for their food value. The sour clover, one of our most persistent weeds, has been found to be the best green manure crop we can raise to plow under in the spring. All weeds are humus: turn 'em under.

January is pruning time, manuring time and the time to make ready for the warm skies of February. Get the ground spaded or plowed up roughly and leave it so, having first broadcasted it with manure. Orchard planting and pruning are right upon us in January, so let December see the finish of manuring and soil treatment. January, also is the time to top-work over some excess trees that you have by grafting new varie-

ties to spread fruiting period over a wider range of the summer.

Send for the nursery catalogues, but before you order hold a while until we can get our data in. We shall probably consider, next week, the question of the "Model acre versus the muddled acre." The new homemaker is almost certain to muddle his place up with from two to three times as many trees as he can possibly ever use the product of. He will order and plant from 75 to 100 standard trees, while the rule of homeroft success will not tolerate more than twenty-five to thirty-five standard-sized trees at the most upon an acre croft. This covers, with some exactitude, the variety and quantity needed for an average family of five. Peach trees yield from 300 to 800 pounds per tree when matured.

How many trees, therefore, do you need for your homeroft use? If you think that you will sell the surplus you must remember that homerofting is not a system of raising fruit and vegetables to peddle. To make money at that you are forced to lower your standard of living to the plane of the oriental competition you meet. Of course, you will have to adopt some operation for the secondary purpose of money-getting. We have other lines of occupation open to you, and if you will follow the homeroft schedule, you will have the major portion of the day remaining for that end of the problem of life.

For the half-acre homeroft and the quarter-acre lot men we will have to go into the subject of dwarf fruit trees again. We refer you to our articles on this subject in The Times Illustrated Weekly of March 27 and May 8, 1915, and to an article upon this subject in the Country Gentleman of December 11, now on newstands, about such a garden developed in Sacramento, only forty by sixty feet in size. You can plant sixty dwarf fruit trees in the space usually occupied by four of the standard-sized trees. I now wonder if our home nurserymen have begun to raise this line, for the demand that will ensue for dwarf fruit trees. We called attention of the nursery trade to this subject last spring.

A report from those nurserymen who are ready with dwarf stock will be considered a matter of public value if such information is furnished us. We shall try to cover this tree subject from the homeroft standpoint during the next two issues.

Homeroft Winter Asparagus.

Have you had the rich white succulent stems of the Swiss chard served as the superior winter substitute for canned asparagus? Cook the stems of the leaves as you would cook asparagus and serve with melted butter. Don't use the old stringy leaves. The young leaves are used as spinach for greens. Because of rapid growth and that it regrows after denuding it of leaves the chard has been grown a great deal for poultry food. It is a mistake to overlook its value for your table, because it is one of the leaders of the January supply column and also important all during the year. It grows as easy as radishes. Get a five-cent package and follow instructions.

In the delicacies of the season from the outdoor pantry there is the celery-cabbage. It is known locally as Chinese cabbage and grows exactly as you would grow lettuce. Start some at once. You will be agreeably surprised.

January and February are good times to plant asparagus, rhubarb, horse-radish and artichoke. The latter is so easily grown and so ornamental that your garden must not be without it. Buy several rooted plants of artichoke and remember they need water once a week. Chard, lettuce, onion sets, cabbage and cauliflower all stand planting in January well, as also many others noted in the programme herewith. Get these kinds in at once and be sure to clean up your tree planting and grafting in January, so as to have maximum time for attention to the garden when warmer weather comes.

January's Out Door Pantry.

The homerofters, of course, made their own raisins and grew their own walnuts to fill the Christmas boxes. That work being

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

JANUARY GARDEN PROGRAMME FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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PLANTINGS	Amount for Family of Five	CULTURAL DIRECTIONS AND TROUBLE COLUMN	BEST VARIETIES
Asparagus	100 roots	Excellent border row. Manure heavily; also nitrate soda.	Bouldin Isl.
Bean	30 Windsor	Plant 2 beans each hill; 10 inches apart in rows which are 30 inches apart. Use Windsors as Limas; Sulphur for mildew; Bordeaux for rust; or use soap-suds from laundry tub, adding teaspoonful Goldust to each gallon of suds.	Broad Windsor,
Brocoli	Plant 4 each week or 20 each month	An inferior form of Cauliflower; same culture as cabbage.	Purple White
Beet	Sow 16-ft row every six weeks	Soak seed 36 hours. Sow thickly and thin to 2 inches apart for table. Use tops as greens. 6 inches apart for stock beets. Bordeaux stops gray spots.	Crosbys, Egyptian, "Giant Rose Mangel" for cows
Brussels Spt.	2 or 3 plants	Plant near dripping spigot and they will sprout and resprout.	Copenhagen Cannon Ball
Cabbage	Sow 5c pkg. early also late variety	Also buy 24 plants now. Look for green cut worms by candle light. Dose with salt water. Also plant Chinese cabbage.	French Forcing Oxheart
Carrot	Sow 20-ft row 4 times a year	Sow thick; thin to 1 inch apart. Difficult to germinate; use sand.	California Pearl Dry Weather
Cauliflower	Sow 5c pkg. early and late variety	Same as cabbage, but keep moist regularly. Two transplantings between seed bed and garden advisable.	White Purple
Garlic	Guess it	Culture same as onion.	1000 headed
Kohlrabi	Sow 5c pkg in seed bed	Culture same as cabbage. Sow seed every 8 weeks.	"Los Angeles Market."
Kale	Sow 5c pkg. now	Plant every 12 weeks. Fine for poultry and for greens.	Guernsey Hollow Crown
Lettuce	Sow in seedbed; transplant 36 plants ea. mo	Make ridges 12 inches wide on top and 15 inches apart. Irrigate between. Set rows on outer edge of ridge, with heads 8 inches apart. Keep moist.	White
Parasnip	10-ft. row now and again in February	Rather difficult to germinate. Use sand and cover lightly.	Stratagem Yorkshire
Onion	1 quart of sets	Set on ridge same as lettuce. 2 inches apart in row. Plant new set whenever an onion is removed. Change bed once year. Use poultry manure.	French Breakfast Scarlet Turnip
Pea	Use your judgment	Now is time, but peas in California are a delicacy, costing enormously in garden space and labor.	Japanese Mikado
Radish	6-ft. row	Plant once a month in rows 15 inches apart.	Dunlap A.
Spinach	6-ft. row	Thin and transplant to 10 inches apart in rows 2 feet apart.	Lucullus
Strawberry	50-ft. row	Will yield from April till frost. 50 quarts on a 50-ft. row.	"Round White six weeks"
Swiss Chard	8-ft. row	Same culture as for beets, except thin to 8 inches apart in rows 16 in. apart.	
Turnip	10-ft. row	Plant Rutabagas every 12 weeks, and early varieties every 8 weeks. Thin to 3 inches apart in row; Swedish thin to 4 inches apart.	

Blazing the Trail for Civilization.

By B. J. Viljoen, late General, Boer Forces, South Africa.

Saturday, December 25, 1915.

body of Zululans sprang into view. They were coming along the road we had fortunately left a few minutes before. We all lay down flat in the grass, and the warriors, fresh from their bloody work, brushed past us, singing their hideous war song, Isibungo. As soon as it could be done with safety, my father advanced toward the spot whence came the sound of voices, and, against his orders to remain with the rest of the family, I stole away, following him a little distance. As we came nearer the voices became more audible. We had hardly gone a hundred yards before I beheld one of the most ghastly sights I ever saw. A score of men, women and children lay scattered about in the road. We also discovered with dismay the dangerous position we had ventured into. About twelve warriors were still busy plundering the apparently dead bodies of the men, and committing crimes upon the female victims which I cannot describe, and which, at this distant date, still make me shudder when I think of them. When my father saw the warriors his first thought was of our safety, and he looked back with much concern towards the spot where he had left his family. It was only then that he discovered my presence. However, he could not say more than "Lie down quietly." The cruel and barbarous tragedy before him had fired him with the desire to avenge the suffering and death inflicted, and as he gave me a last look to assure himself that I had obeyed him this time, his eyes frightened me, for a grim determination shone in them. He emptied his bandolier into his coat pockets and keeping one cartridge in his hand and holding two more in his mouth for quick action, as an old fighter is apt to do, he leveled his Martin-Henry rifle at the black devil who seemed to be the leader of the band and fired. As the report of the old-fashioned rifle rang through the still night the hillocks across the creek gave a double echo. The Basuto fell dead. His comrades, greatly surprised, rushed forward and crowded around him, evidently thinking that one of their victims had fired the shot. My father made use of the confusion that ensued and rapidly fired four, five, six shots into them. By this time we were discovered and three of them rushed at us with their spears poised, but my father picked them off, the last one falling only a few feet from us. Those left, I never knew how many, broke and ran. We went forward and found nine of the black brutes lying dead among their victims. The scene was indeed a pitiable one. Three of our neighbors, fellow farmers, lay with their heads severed from their bodies, and eighteen women and children, mostly all dead, were also found. A young girl was alive, but unconscious. Several of the smaller children still lived, but they were all wounded. These farmers, in their flight, had been overtaken by the Basutos, and after a fierce struggle, in which they fought to the last for the lives of their loved ones, they died the cruel death which so many thousands of frontier farmers had met at the hands of the South African savages on that fateful day. The three brave fellows had killed over forty Basutos before their ammunition gave out. We brought the rest of the family, so that father and mother might extend what aid they could to those still alive. We brought water from the little creek near by, carrying it in our hats in the absence of any kind of receptacle, and my mother bathed the pale, white faces of the innocent victims who were still living. The young girl finally revived, as well as several of the smaller children.

A Mother's Pitiful Pleading.

It was not safe for us, however, to abide long. After dragging all the bodies out of the road and covering their features, we took the girl and the three children, this being the number we could help along, and continued our flight. Among those whom we left behind were five women and two children yet alive, but in a condition that made it impossible for them even to take a step. One young woman, whose baby was one of the three children we were taking along, pleaded in a heart-breaking manner not to be left behind. Her left limb, however, had been cut off and we could do no more than bandage the wound with strips of mother's skirt and promise her that we would rush on to the camp and send relief as soon as we reached there, which would be in a few hours, if no further obstructions lay in our path.

As our burden had now become heavier, we proceeded at a slow rate. The young

girl, who received only flesh wounds, was weak, not from the wounds, but from the barbarous outrages those black dogs had committed upon her pure, innocent person, and as we could not follow the trail or highway for fear of being ambushed, we walked through the veldt. The grass grew high and wild, and walking, especially at night, was therefore difficult. I was called upon at intervals to assist in carrying the rescued children, the one being merely a baby, and though feeling that every bone in my body was tired, the pity aroused in me at the scene of slaughter seemed to give me strength, and I helped as much as it was possible for me to do.

A Haven of Safety in Sight.

It was long past the midnight hour when the shrill crowing of roosters at a distant farm told us that at last we were nearing a friendly region. But we walked on and on; it seemed we would never reach the camp. Once or twice we sat down to rest for a while. I was completely worn out, and felt a terrible hunger gnawing more fiercely every hour. I fell on the grass asleep, and my father had to give me a hard tug to wake me up and keep me going. I know how I complained bitterly of hunger more than exhaustion, and never did I see a more despairing look of utter helplessness and heart-aching sympathy on a woman's face than my mother's presented when I complained of being hungry. It was the true mother's feeling for her offspring when food is asked and she has none to give.

We were descending a long, grassy slope, dragging ourselves with our last energy, when the eastern heavens began to flare with the first rays of the young day. As the light grew stronger a scene came into view which made our hearts leap with joy. Away and beyond the Kubusie River, only about a mile farther on, lay the camp, a veritable sea of wagons and tents. I could not then understand, as I do now, what filled the souls of father and mother, when, at the first sight of the camp, they stopped, and, with tears of gladness filling their eyes, looked heavenward and poured forth to God the feeling of their grateful hearts. When we started again to complete the last stage of our desperate flight there was a smile on poor mother's drawn and careworn face. She patted me on the head as I trotted by her side, and said: "Thank the good Lord, we are saved."

A "Shover of Queer."

THE STORY TOLD BY THE CAT'S-PAW OF THE COUNTERFEITER.

By Morton Ellis.

The old-time detective threw away the butt of his cigar, the company settled themselves more comfortably in their chairs, drew closer to the stove—it was a wintry night—and prepared to listen.

"I remember," the old-time detective began, "an incident that happened many years ago when I was a very young man, that, more than any other one thing in my life, caused me to go into the thief-taking business. I left my home in a small town of the Middle West, journeyed to the big city to make my own way in the world, and incidentally make a fortune. But the first couple of weeks of life in the city amid strange people and surroundings didn't turn out as I expected—far from it. I failed to land a job of any kind, my money soon ran low, and there I was in imminent danger of becoming broke altogether, with no prospects in sight. Well, I awoke one fine morning with just exactly 60 cents in my pocket. Without permitting myself, however, to become discouraged in the least, I started out on my daily rounds looking for work, willing to accept the first job that presented itself. I made it a rule then, as well as in after life, never to sit idly by waiting for something to turn up, but rather endeavored to do a little turning up myself.

"Well, to shorten a lengthy tale, the end of the day showed no results. Once more I had failed. I well recollect standing in front of a first-class theater that night, thinking of all the trivial incidents of the day, looking over the bills and posters and wishing I had enough money to spare to see the performance—an all-star cast presenting a very fine drama.

"As I stood there rather idly reading the posters and bills, I noticed a tall, well-dressed man of pleasing face making a round of the lobby, looking at the photos of theatrical celebrities on the walls, and every

now and then casting sidelong glances in my direction. I thought nothing of it, but finally he came to where I stood and said:

"This seems to be a pretty good show."

"Yes," I answered, "I believe it is, although I've never seen it."

"Are you a stranger in the city?" he asked.

"Yes, I've been here only a couple of weeks."

"Well," he said, "I'm a stranger, too."

"One question brought on another, and he told me he was a mining man, just arrived from some place or other in South Africa."

"Do you ever indulge in a little drink?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "very seldom; but since it is a warm night and just to be sociable I don't mind if I do."

"We strolled along the street and passed several bar-rooms. 'I don't like the looks of any of these places,' he said; 'let's walk along 'till we come to a first-class bar.'"

"Finally we got to a corner saloon with a front and side entrance. 'Let's go in here,' he said."

"On entering the place he slipped a silver dollar into my hand and remarked, 'Here, you pay for it.'"

"I stepped to the bar, which was crowded with men drinking, ordered two small beers, while my new-found friend excused himself and went to the lavatory in the rear. He soon rejoined me, we drank our beer, and when I tendered him the 90 cents change, said: 'That's all right; put it in your pocket.'"

"Into my pocket it went. Evidently, I thought, this gentleman had divined my financial condition and sympathized with me. Probably he is wealthy—all mining men are."

"We strolled along leisurely. My friend began telling me of his mining experiences in different parts of the world—Alaska, South Africa, South America, etc., of the fortunes he'd dug from the ground and lost through unsuccessful ventures in other fields, and of his ups and downs in general. It was all very interesting. While relating the story he kept on the lookout—so it seemed to me—for bar-rooms of the better class. At last we came to another corner saloon."

"Let's go in here," he said, breaking off his story at a very thrilling point. Slipping another silver dollar into my hand he added: 'Order a couple of short beers. I'll step to the rear and join you in a minute.'"

"I stepped to the bar, ordered the drinks, received the change and when I held out the money he said, 'Keep it; put it in your pocket.'"

"Now I didn't have time to think of a possible motive for giving me the money, for just as we got to the street again he resumed his story and I soon forgot all about everything except to listen to his talk. Well, we walked probably another couple of blocks along the well-lighted thoroughfare when, pulling me by the arm and stopping abruptly, he said, 'Here, let's go in this place. There's a pipe organ in here that plays pretty fair music.'"

"It, too, was on a corner with front and side entrances. As we passed through the swing doors he handed me another silver dollar and said, 'You pay for the drinks while I step to the rear. I seem to be out of order tonight.'"

"This explanation was all right so far as I was concerned; in fact, I thought it nothing unusual that he should step to the rear of every bar-room we entered. I was so engrossed with the recital of his mining adventures in different parts of the world I never gave it a second thought. I ordered two beers and this time left the change lying on the bar, thinking my friend would pick it up on joining me. But instead of doing so he merely glanced at it, and remarked in the most matter-of-fact way, as if the pieces didn't amount to that many pins, 'Pick it up and put it in your pocket.'"

"I did so. I now possessed three times 90 cents in change. Before we even left the bar my friend took up the thread of his narrative and I was listening rather spellbound, I must say. In all my experience I've never listened to a more interesting conversationalist. My mind was completely engrossed with the subject, so much so that after we had walked another short distance and he proposed entering another saloon—on a corner—I made no objection. Once again he pressed a silver dollar in my hand and remarked, 'Here, take this and order a couple of small beers.'"

"As usual, he stepped to the rear, while

I stood up at the bar. And again, when the bartender laid the change down I let it remain, thinking my friend would surely pick it up this time. But I was mistaken. Dashing off the glass of beer, which really contained little more than a couple of mouthfuls, he remarked, 'There's your change; put it in your pocket.' With emphasis on 'your.'"

"I did so. 'Gee,' I said to myself, 'I must have three or four dollars by this time. I wonder how long it's going to keep up.'"

"As we walked along, my friend still relating his wonderful mining experiences, I was so taken up with his conversation by this time that if I had suspected anything at all I would never have given it a second thought, for, in the first place, he made himself so agreeable, his recital was so unlike anything I had ever heard that there was little room for a suspicious thought in my mind. However, we finally came to a saloon in the basement—on a corner—the only bar-room in that vicinity. It seemed."

"This is a pretty respectable place," he said; 'let's drop in anyway and see the sights.'"

"The small amount of beer I had consumed, instead of quenching my thirst, seemed to increase it. We went in the front entrance; a side entrance led to another street. It was one of those big German bars, with framed pictures all over the walls, music from a quartette of musicians, and all in all a place that did a tremendous business. The bar was crowded to suffocation—four bartenders serving drinks of all kinds. On descending the stairs the mining man pressed another silver dollar in my hand and said, 'Pay for it. Order me a drink while I go to the rear, but remember I never drink anything but a small glass of beer.'"

"I wedged in among the drinkers, gave my order and laid down the dollar. The bartender served the drinks, picked up the money, and was just about to ring it up, when, wheeling suddenly, he bounced the dollar up and down on the bar several times. My suspicions rose for the first time. I turned my eyes to the rear to see if my friend was coming, and saw him come out of the rear room just as the bartender was testing the dollar on the bar. He gave a quick glance in my direction, pushed the swing doors open and disappeared from view. I turned to the bar again. The bartender was still bouncing the money up and down, turning it over and sizing it up from all angles with a puzzled look on his face. He gave one glance at me, looked at the dollar again, and turning to the register, remarked, 'Ach, I guess it's good,' and he threw it in the drawer."

"Now my suspicions were fully confirmed and I determined to get the dollar again, if possible. So I said in the most off-hand way I could command, 'Here, bartender, if you don't think that dollar is all right, let me have it. Here's a dime to pay for the drinks.'"

"He opened the register and fished out the dollar—probably glad to get rid of it. I put it in my pocket and, putting a safe distance between me and the saloon, gave the coin a thorough examination. It was one of the finest counterfeits I have ever seen in my life."

"Now I knew why my 'friend,' the 'mining' man, always preferred to drink in a corner saloon, and avoided those bars situated in the middle of the block. An expert 'shover of queer,' he had just manufactured a lot of silver dollars and selected me to test them, before he himself would take a chance. He tried it on the dog, and I was the canine. The following day I called at police headquarters, related my story in detail and gave up the specimen of bad money. When I finished the Chief asked me pointblank: 'Young man, do you think you would know the man again?'"

"Yes," I answered, "I believe I would."

"All right; I'll delegate you to go out and find him. If you run across him just call an officer and have him taken into custody. I'll allow you half pay while engaged, and if you succeed in finding him you'll be rewarded substantially."

"After many weeks of ceaseless effort I finally succeeded in running my man to earth—quite by accident. He turned out to be Big Dolan, a 'shover' of 'queer' of international reputation. He is now serving a long 'stretch up the river.'"

[Browning's Magazine:] "I've got fever and ague."

"If you keep on like that you ought to shake it off in time."

By M. V. Hartmann.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

Miller Hive & Box Co.
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Dancing Around the World. By Frederick Simpich.

MANY MOTIVES.

IT WAS the night of the Fourth of July, and at the United States Consulate in cosmopolitan Shanghai a grand ball was in progress. Up in a balcony among other spectators sat a group of silk-clad Chinese officials. Passing among his guests the Consul paused to greet this placid oriental party.

"Well," he said, addressing one of the portly Mandarins, "what do you think of the American dancing?"

"Very amusing, indeed," responded the Chinaman politely. "But why don't you hire coolies to do the dancing—why make your guests work that way?"

Such is the oriental viewpoint. Throughout practically the whole Far East, dancing is regarded as a form of entertainment to be provided by hired professionals—either for the amusement of the spectators, or as a form of religious worship.

Thus the famous "bayaderes," or nautch girls of India—of whom there are more than 12,000 in the southern part of the peninsula alone—are dedicated to the temples by their mothers when the girls are 5 and 6 years of age. These young girls are supposed to be married to the gods, and are styled "servants of the gods." On feast days they dance, forming a part of the Hindu worship. Every American traveler in India has seen or at least heard of these dancing girls—and to the wholesome Yankee mind it is hard to see in what way a bejeweled sinuous nautch dancer, with her tinkling anklets and jade nose ring, can assist in the worship of even an old benevolent looking, fat, brass idol. Also, these little girls' own mothers knew, when they dedicated them to the temples, that they were selling them into lives of shame—for the professional prostitutes of India are recruited from the dancing girls of the temples! Strange to say, too, in this eastern land where nakedness is universal, the girls employed as actresses and dancers are clothed from head to heel. Of these dancers Price Collier, the famous American traveler, said: "I have seen much dancing in Korea, India and Japan, but it is always the same as to propriety. Such lascivious and suggestive performances as are given are for the benefit of the Puritan-bred libertine, whose diet demands more brutal revelations for its satisfaction. I suppose it is largely a question of rice and red meat, and it would be interesting in this connection to have trustworthy statistics as to vegetarian morals."

It is so in French China, and the famous "dancers of the king" at Cambodge—though the climate there is as hot as the middle kettle of Hades—are splendidly garbed in imitation suits of mail, with towering metal head-dresses.

Savage Dances Have a Meaning.

Among savage dancers everywhere the idea of black magic and sorcery, of witchcraft and voodooism is usually lurking. In Africa the "rain doctors" do a weird dance to bring down water when drouth threatens the tribes; and the lives of the Gold Coast negroes perform a so-called "battle dance" to give their absent husbands courage when away fighting the enemies of the village. The Zulu war dance is looked on as a noble rite of the warriors—like a Pyrric dance of the old-time Spartans.

These savage dances have changed but little in many generations—showing a universal primitive instinct in all kinds of men. Thus, the Mandan Indians dance the "buffalo dance" when game is scarce, believing the ceremony will cause game to appear; and in Uncle Sam's Philippines, when no fish are netted, the Tagalogs hold a torch-light revel on the sandy tropic beaches, singing and dancing—calling on the fish-gods.

And if you're over in Spain, and have the bad luck to be bitten by a tarantula, the kind-hearted, solicitous peasant will grab his guitar, and play the dance called "la tarantina"—you dance it to exhaustion, and the violent exercise saves you from the effects of the insect's poison.

The Ancients Took It Seriously.

Dancing is as old as the world, and the highly-civilized man in his luxurious ballroom seems to enjoy it as much as the South Sea cannibal dancing on the palm-shaded sands, warming up for the feast. Children and the lower animals dance and gambol by

instinct. Our earliest records, sacred and profane, make mention of dancing, and among most ancient races it was a part of their religious rites and ceremonies, they dancing "before their altars and around their idols."

Toe-dancing, for example, is not at all the modern French invention which many believe. Pottery dug from the tombs of the Pharaohs in Egypt has been found decorated with girls doing a toe-dance just as it is done today, showing that thousands of years ago this form of dancing was known to the kings.

In old times the famous Greek choruses consisted of the whole population of the city, who met in the public square to sing hymns and dance. The Jews were great dancers.

Moses Danced on the Beach.

Even Moses and Miriam danced on the shores of the Red Sea, to celebrate the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea on dry land. And David danced before the Ark. The Greeks used different dances to express different passions, and to imitate the passions perfectly in their works of art the old Greek sculptors used to study the movements and poses of dancing girls. All children of 5 or over were compelled, by Spartan law, to take dancing lessons. Many of the rude courting dances—as the hula of Hawaii—are no more than imitations of more ancient dances as once practised in civilization. And the "cake-walk," commonly credited to the negro of our own south, was really first danced in Ireland two or three centuries ago.

The Romans alone, in old days, thought it disgraceful for a free citizen to dance, but found sport in making captives perform, as in our own Southwest the cowboy of fiction is wont to make the tenderfoot dance by shooting at his toes.

Perhaps the last survival of ancient dancing in connection with modern Christian worship is found in Spain. Here, during the festival of Corpus Christi, a ballet is danced at night before the high altar at the Seville cathedral by a company of boys in plumed hats and the costume of Philip the Third's time.

Not all old dances were so in conformity with the proprieties; Catherine de Medici introduced a ballet into France—to keep her son, Henry III, from worrying too much over government affairs—that would be hastily suppressed by the Paris police, were an attempt made to stage it today.

Uncle Sam's Savage Dancers.

When you speak of "American dances" nowadays, you must not forget that there are many Americans who do not live and never have lived in the United States—that Uncle Sam has several million children basking on the sun-kissed sands of languorous tropic isles. And they can dance, too!

Far up in the wooded hills of Luzon, for example, there dwells the pigmy Igorrot race—who take the heads of their enemies as trophies in tribal wars. And when a victory is won they bring in the decapitated heads and mount them on upright bamboo poles in the center of their mountain villages of straw huts; and when night comes a great bonfire is built, the tattooed warriors dance about the poles keeping step to the music of gongs beaten by women. And when the dance is over, a feast of roasting is spread. What a far cry from the extreme conduct of these tiny island Americans of faraway Luzon, to our ultra-conservative class in the States, to whom the old-fashioned waltz is still "the refuge of propriety!"

Then Uncle Sam has his fanatic Moro dancers of Mindanao and his famous hula dancers of Honolulu. Of course you can't call the Hawaiians savages, but there is much in their graceful hula, danced by sinuous girls scantily clad in girdles of grass and leaves, to the seductive music of the native "ukulele," that is suggestive of old days, when the savage kings ruled the realm of Lilliput—and threw their captives over the dizzy Pali cliffs. A modern American police law now forbids the dancing of the original hula, with all its savage trimmings; but in a moderated form, with much of its pristine vigor eliminated, it is still to be seen, on a pleasant moonlight night, in sequestered nooks of palm-shaded Hawaiian valleys outside Honolulu. Like some of our more extreme modern dances such steps as the hula appeal to the more

or less primitive female mind, because they suggest the brute force of the other sex. More subdued dancing shows the advance of civilization.

So all through Polynesia, from Hawaii to Samoa, down in cannibal Fiji, where sorcerers still dance unburnt over red-hot stones, and on down to old Maoriland, as New Zealand was called, one may still encounter the old folk-dances that charmed the masters of wind-jamming whalers and schooners of a century ago. And more than one New England shipmaster of stern Puritan ancestry fell a victim to the charms of these smiling, grass-clad Polynesian dancers, forsaking the arduous sea-faring career for the lotus life and dolce-far-niente of the South Seas.

Down the delectable Cuban isle, too, there's a dance called "la danzon," which is the universal Cuban dance, the oddest, most indescribable of dances, at first the least inviting, at last the most fascinating. Long before turkeys trotted or bunnies hopped in our land, in Havana they walked through dances. But you can dance the "danzon" all night on three feet square of floor. A crowded ballroom is almost motionless; a few steps, a queer shiver that runs down the body, a rest, then a few steps again—so hundreds of couples go on for hours. It would be inexplicable but for the music, the music that seems hideous at first but ends by pulsating in your very blood with some strange magic. It seems forever losing its rhythm, dropping its beats, while at times the barbaric rattling and din of crashing gongs wholly drowns the monotonous melody. There is very little that seems Spanish in the "danzon" music; it hints rather at Africa and the transplanted voodoo rites in the Cuban forests. It makes the beauty of the mulattress the expected, the natural thing.

The Devil Dancers.

In the spicy isle of Ceylon there is celebrated from time to time a magnificent ceremony called the "Peranera," a sort of military pageant of native princes, distinguished British Sahibs and gaudily decorated elephants. And this parade is led through the streets of the Cingalese cities not by a marshal, or a squad of police as would be the case in the United States of America, but by a band of "devil dancers" than whom the Orient knows no character more singular.

These "devil dancers" are nude natives of giant build, their skin fantastically tattooed. Whirling and dancing on hands and feet like the "bat-dancers" of Arabia they bound along the ground just ahead of the sacred elephants. With amazing endurance they keep up this furious dance for hours, leaping high in the air and falling prostrate before the elephants, and continually emitting a chorus of ear-splitting shrieks. These parades are usually held at night, and in the sinister red glare of the native torches the scene is unspeakably weird—and hard on a nervous tourist. Some of the devil dancers themselves are said to be maniacs, and are kept in actual confinement, only being taken out when needed for use in a parade. Not unlike these madmen are the "whirling dervishes" of Egypt—who are really half-crazed Arab monks—much esteemed for their piety and devotion.

The Czar Pensions His Dancers.

No nation in the world dances so much or so well as the Russian, and the great ballet at Petrograd is under government control. When the performers have passed a certain age they are given a regular pension, like soldiers in the army. These Russians, like Pavlova and Mordkin, begin the study of their art at the age of 6, and by middle life are usually worn out and helpless. It is said that during their years of preparation their practice is so severe that often for weeks at a time they must walk downstairs backward, their knees being so sore that they can scarcely bend them. The grotesque "squatting dance," so popular among the moujik and lower classes of Russians, produces an abnormal calf development—the dancer's legs being muscular out of all proportion to the rest of his body.

The Oldest Vaudeville Circuit.

For a thousand years the pilgrims to Mecca have carried with them dancing girls who perform beside the evening camp fire on the desert, adding a touch of vaudeville to

the gypsy life of the caravan. From far Samarkand and Khorasan these pilgrims come, riding on camels, or carried in palanquins swung between two stout mules, walking tandem. Sometimes two whole years are consumed in the long march across Persia and Arabia to old Mecca and back. These dancing girls usually travel in trios, accompanied by an old man who plays the Arab flute, and a boy who beats the goatskin tom-tom, in accompaniment to their dance—which is the original "danse du ventre" so common on our midways a few years ago. A regular monthly salary is paid these girls by the male pilgrims in the caravan. And often on the long march a romance develops and a pilgrim, in addition to earning the title of "Haji" (which is bestowed on all who visit Mecca) and of having the right thereafter to paint his whiskers a fiery red, finds a wife for himself from among the shapely dancing girls. Some say it was from this class of dancing girls that Herodias came—the same Herodias who danced before the king for the head of John the Baptist.

The Dancing Mania.

A "dancing craze" in the strictest sense of the word swept the old town of Aix-la-Chapelle many years ago in which groups of men and women, unduly excited by the eccentric festival of St. John, danced in the streets until they went mad. In their frenzy many actually dashed their brains out against the stone walls of this old town. To suppress the mob of insane dancers the Governor had to call out the troops, who threw scores of the leaping dancers into the icy river to calm them.

In the United States of late years there has been a marked revival of the old craze for dancing. In order to hold their younger members, many churches have found it necessary to remove their rule against dancing.

Private schools for young girls have found it necessary to include dancing in their regular curricula, though the task of finding capable dancing teachers is a serious problem. In the attempt to meet this demand for such instructors, schools given over to teaching dancing have in certain instances become veritable normal schools for dancing; but the supply of competent instructors is still far behind the demand and the young normal student in Terpsichore can practically command her own place and price. In all our large cities the May Day and folk dances given by public school children in the public parks are increasing in popularity, and the classic Greek dances staged in the open air by college girls in California and elsewhere are splendid exhibitions of grace, art and poetry, in the movements of the human body. And now, more than ever before,

"Still unaccomplished may the maid be thought

Who gracefully to dance was never taught."

Dancing itself has been defined as "the expression of inward feelings by means of rhythmical movements of the body—especially of the lower limbs, usually accompanied by music."

And the physical culturists insist that the average over-fed, soft-muscled American needs to dance for his bodily well-being.

Waltzing and two-stepping, like swimming and playing ball, and the fancy and eccentric dances, like strenuous gymnasium work, harden a boy's muscles and make him supple and quick.

Corbett says he owed his famous footwork in the prize ring to his efficiency in fancy dancing; and the great comedian, Fred Stone, is an expert boxer, because when he took up boxing he had already mastered the footwork as a dancer.

[Birmingham Age-Herald:] "What you must do, son, is to lay the foundation for a solid business success."

"That's my idea, dad. Now first, of all, I require financial backing."

"I get you, son. I'll provide car fare until you land a job."

[Fall Mall Gazette:] Edythe—Did the duke say he loved you?

Kate—He said he loved the ground I walked on.

Edythe—Where were you when he said it?

Kate—Out visiting papa's gold mine.

The Unknown Quantity. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

During the noon hour the chief engineer stepped into the office to interview Story.

"We're havin' a little trouble with the hoist-runners, Mr. Story," he announced. "Young Blabard has been stirrin' it up again. He's mouthin' round aakin' for a raise and says if he don't get it or a hoist-runnin' job he'll quit. McGaw's sore and thinks Blabard is after his job. There's a lot of bad feelin', I can tell you. McGaw's threatened to quit so often I think he'll break sure now—but I don't mean to coax him back no more. He jumped three years ago, the time the other chief got out, and he left his machine in such bad shape that it had to go to the shops for repairs. He got taken on again because jobs was scarce and he begged the inspector that was on then to take him back."

"I know all about them, Mac," claimed Story. "Only for Blabard's mother, who is a widow, I'd fire him. We've got two or three men on this job who curse the company every day. They're getting paid more than they'd get at any other job they are fit for. Work has been found for better men at the other plants so that these men could be close to their homes. Now, can you tell me how it is that there are invariably a few men who want to abuse the company they work for?"

"Nothin' but cussedness, I guess," suggested the chief.

"No, Mac; it's just this: The company stands for discipline and they've an idea that discipline is antagonistic to freedom. Because this is an out-of-the-way place they fancy that by starting them sharp on the first minute of the hour we're robbing them of their liberty; because we keep our supplies under lock and key we are low-down

mean; if through some detraction, we are compelled to pay them for half an hour's idleness they are reluctant to pay us back by working a few minutes after hours to finish unloading a vessel. Reduced to the level it means that they are not willing to be honest with us as we are with them. I have studied it, Mac, because I was afraid that perhaps the company was not fair. I am satisfied that a criminal element creeps into the working forces now and then which sets this impression going. I have asked for a raise for the boys, but I am sure they will not get it. Merit and length of service will be taken into consideration. These men who look more after their 'rights' than to their duty spoil the chances for good men, and good men should be protected."

The chief went to work that afternoon wondering in how far he had transgressed in his day, but his conscience gave no clew and his mouth was puckered all afternoon vainly trying to whistle a tune that would pass muster for "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

The first day of the month found the Algoma coaling plant at the crisis of its life. Seven coal shovelers had quit and Joe Blabard was lying off for a satisfactory answer to his demand—and McGaw had left in a rage because his companion hoist-runner had raised seventy buckets to his fifty!

There were 17,000 tons of coal to come before freezing-up time. Story besought the foreman:

"Can you get some of your men to work overtime?"

"They're not fit," answered the foreman. "Ten hours is all they can stand."

"We're in a hole, then," confessed Story. "The Port George gang won't be here for at least two weeks and we've only half a night gang."

"Better give 'em all to me and put the two best hoist-runners on," suggested the

foreman. "And each shovel about a day. We can run a chance on shoveling up before frost comes. The Port George gang ain't any good, anyway. They're trimmers. We want shovelers—men that can sling the coal over their shoulders and keep it up till their buckets are full. A boy could poke coal into a clamshell, but it takes pretty husky men to lift thirty tons of coal a day four feet high, same as is done on this plant."

"The orders are to keep both gangs working," declared Story, "and we've got to obey orders. Think up a plan while I go and see the chief."

The chief was working in McGaw's place, ready to run his machine. He shouted to Story:

"I'll keep this machine runnin' while McGaw's off!"

"Rip along, then, Mac. We're goin' to beat the record on this plant yet. One fireman can fire both hoists and he'll get two men's pay. He is not so much in sympathy with young Blabard that he won't jump at that offer. And I'm going out to raise some men. Do the best you can."

Story returned the next day with twelve of the most unlikely specimens of humanity ever seen around that plant. The usual medley—Italians, Poles, Galicians, Rumanians, Finns and Cockneys—were the season's line-up, the best in the service being Finns and Italians, but these were akin to none of them.

"These twelve men will go on the night shift," Story told the foreman. "They are hired to beat the record at Algoma and they'll stick. They have contracted to take the place of sixteen boatmen and shovel more coal."

The foreman looked pityingly at Story and shook his head. He'd do the best he could, but those runts—he was too disgusted to say what he thought.

When the men were brought down to the plant for the night's work Story explained further:

"They're college men. I got into an argument in the hotel lobby at Gore Bay about the usefulness of the average American citizen and was rash enough to say that when it came to downright hard work the foreigner had him beaten to a frazzle. These fellows, visiting the Manitoulin, took me up instantly—inquired about the work and declared that twelve Americans were as good as sixteen foreigners, and offered to prove it. They'll get sixteen men's pay if they do it—that's the bargain."

The unlikely-looking gang when garbed in working clothes were a revelation. All were tall and the clothes gave them an able appearance, something athletic that their camping clothes had not revealed.

Next day all previous records were beaten by the day-gang. They had heard of the competitive feature just instituted and they worked as they had never worked before. The foreman urged them on. If those dudes were going to try to shovel up with his gang he'd give them a run for it. His jurisdiction did not extend to the night forces and he was only anxious to keep up the prestige of the daylight workers. Mac, the chief, chuckled because he had a hand in hoisting the most coal handled in the history of the plant and more than the machines were known to handle. Story was jubilant.

The new men were content to work up gradually, it seemed. They made a poor start, comparatively. One night, though, the record quivered in the balance.

In a week the last boats lay at anchor in the roadstead.

"They'll need no assistance from Port George this year," quoth Story. "It's a fine example. I have never seen such effort."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Uner.

HELEN SHOWS TACT.

HELEN awoke with the troubled consciousness that Carrie had stayed over night. Without indulging in her usual relapsing nap, shiveringly she forced herself out of bed.

She must see about breakfast. Was there any cocoa? Carrie never drank coffee. And Warren must get up. They must both hurry and dress so Carrie could have the bathroom.

"Eh? What's the matter with you? It's only 7," growled Warren in sleepy protest.

"I know, dear, but Carrie's here! Do get up so you'll be out of the bathroom."

But Warren had rolled over, drawn closer the covers and snuggled down for another nap.

Turning on her bath, Helen ran out to the dining-room where Anna was setting the table.

"No, that cloth won't do—Mr. Curtis's sister is here. Have we any cocoa? Well, you'll have to make some—use the top of the milk. And don't fry the eggs—have them poached. Don't make the toast until the last minute."

"There's only one grapefruit, ma'am."

In the refrigerator a solitary yellow rind glanced behind the ice. For a moment Helen stared at it in dismay. Then excitedly:

"Scoop it out and chop it up with this apple. Serve it in those tall-stemmed glasses. Where's the bottle of maraschino cherries? Put a couple of those on top."

A few more hurried directions and she ran back to the now brimming tub, took a quick plunge and then again aroused Warren.

"Dear, you must get up! Carrie'll want to get in the bathroom."

"Plenty of time," shrugging off her importuning hand.

"No, there isn't—it takes you so long to shave." Then, eagerly, "couldn't you shave in here this morning?"

"No, I couldn't!" belligerently, flinging off the bedclothes and sitting up. "That's a rotten light to shave by."

Having routed him out, Helen now tiptoed to her room, which was also used as a guest room. The door was ajar, and Carrie, in a kimono and boudoir cap, was searching for something, her face flushed with annoyance.

"Is there anything I can get you?" Helen was properly solicitous.

"Oh, no, I've just mislaid my—hair net. I'm sure I left it right here on the dresser last night."

"A hair net! Oh, I have several," taking a box from the top drawer.

"No, I can't wear that kind," ungraciously. "Mine was a cap net with a rubber. 'I'm positive I laid it right here.'"

Carrie, whose annoyance was out of all proportion to the loss of a hair net, seemed nervously disconcerted at Helen's presence.

Assuring her that Anna would find the net when she dusted, Helen hurried out to straighten the bathroom after Warren's slashing ablutions.

Taking up the soaking bath mat, she laid down a heavy bath towel, put away his shaving things and took his pajamas from off the door knob.

Before 8 Warren was at the table, scanning the paper and impatiently waiting for his breakfast.

"What's all this?" as Anna placed before him a tall-stemmed glass.

"Sh-sh, dear," warned Helen. "We had only one grapefruit. Carrie'll think this is a new way of serving them."

"Well, why don't she come to her breakfast? She'll have to hustle if she makes that 9:10."

"You're going with her to the station? Oh, dear, you must! It's right on your way—and it looks so bad to let her go alone."

The very aloofness that existed between Warren's sister and herself made Helen over-anxious to show her every possible courtesy.

When Carrie finally appeared she was dressed even to her hat. Her hair, which she always wore in a low-coiled braid, was now combed up under her narrow-brimmed hat, and the effect was severely unbecoming.

"Have I kept you waiting?" as she took her place at the table. "It's so hard to do my hair without a net."

"You'll have to hurry if we make that 9:10," observed Warren. "Jove this stuff's sour! Where's the sugar?"

Anna had forgotten to sweeten the grapefruit concoction, and Helen, with an embarrassed flush, rang for the pulverized sugar.

But for once Carrie seemed unconscious of what she was eating. Her keen glance was not scrutinizing either the table or its appointments. She was plainly abstracted and worried.

Helen watched her with puzzled concern. Something had happened, Carrie was wholly unlike herself.

"What's that cat got?" demanded Warren.

raising the cloth to glance under the table.

"Oh, it's her ball! It gets caught under there."

"Hub, this is no ball!"

Diving down, Warren held aloft before their astounded gaze a hair switch—a long, heavy, tangled hair switch!

Helen gasped. A wave of crimson flooded Carrie's face.

"Where in thunder did that come from?" flinging it from him with spluttering abhorrence.

A swift glance at Carrie's flaming color, and Helen snatched up the switch with a laughing:

"Oh, it must be Anna's! Pussy Purr-Mew dragged it out. Don't say anything about it—she's awfully sensitive. I'll put it in her room."

But it was to her own room that she took it. Leaving it on the dresser by Carrie's handbag, she hurried back, her sense of humor struggling with her sympathy for Carrie's discomfort.

Here had been a chance of a swift revenge for all of Carrie's past slights and overbearing haughtiness. She had only to remain silent. Instead she had impulsively rushed to her rescue.

She knew that Warren believed implicitly in his sister's "heavy" braid. Often when she was giving the fifty nightly brush strokes to her own over-done, but not over-abundant, hair he would scathingly remark: "Oh, come on to bed—you brush your hair to death. Look at Carrie: she don't fuss over hers, and she's got twice as much!"

When Helen picked up her napkin and took her seat at the table, Carrie was fumbling with her poached egg, her cheeks still aflame. Warren, having finished, glanced impatiently at his watch.

"Dear, don't hurry Carrie; she isn't through her breakfast."

"Oh, yes, I am; I'll be ready in a moment," glad of an excuse to escape.

As she disappeared, Anna came in with the mail. Warren stared at the girl's coarse, straw-colored hair. Incredulity followed suspicion. He gazed after her until she swung through the pantry door.

"Say, what're you trying to put over? Who in blazes does that mop belong to, anyway?"

"Why, dear—" faltered Helen.

"Now, see here, I've got to stand for powder, scent and a lot of other darn-fool trumpery, but the only false hair that stays

around this joint—is in the mattress."

"But, Warren—it isn't mine."

"It isn't, eh?" with a snort of disdain. "Then how did it get here? Come in the butter?"

"It's—it's Carrie's!" desperately.

"The devil it is!"

"But, dear, that isn't anything. Everybody wears a switch. You're just prejudiced—all your family are—that's why Carrie tries to hide it. I've known since that night I slept with her last spring."

"Carrie!" unheeding. "I'd never have thought it of Carrie."

"Dear, that's so foolish," with heated emphasis. "I tell you nine women out of ten wear false braids."

"Well, right here's one who never will," roughly rumpling her soft hair.

To this Helen's only reply was a deepening color. With downcast eyes she was twisting a button on his coat.

"Pretty decent of you, Kitten, not to give Carrie away."

"Sh-sh, here she comes!" Then hurriedly, "Yes, we're almost out of that oil. I'll have to get the address of that Italian place."

Carrie, in a long fur-trimmed cloak, was drawing on her gloves. Her hat was at a more becoming angle, and a glint of glossy braids shone from beneath the rim.

"Now, Helen, you'll come out soon, won't you?" she insisted with unusual cordiality, as they waited for the elevator. "The country's wonderful these crisp days. We'll drive to Greenpoint and have dinner at the inn. Warren, you make her come! Come and stay over Sunday."

"She's a mighty hard little person to get away from home, but I'll see what I can do." And to Helen's surprise he stooped and kissed her—a real kiss, not his usual, carelessly aimed good-by "peck."

"Now I'll expect you both very soon," waved Carrie, as they stepped into the elevator.

With a pleasurable glow Helen turned back into the dining-room. In the sunny bay window sat Pussy Purr-Mew, placidly licking her fur. Catching her up Helen gave her an affectionate little shake.

"You're a very discriminating kitten! It's all right to drag Aunt Carrie's false hair off the dresser and flaunt it before the family, but don't you ever—don't you ever dare to touch mine."

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MANY MOTIVES.

MANY NOTICES.
IT WAS the night of the Fourth of July, and at the United States Consulate in cosmopolitan Shanghai a grand ball was in progress. Up in a balcony among other

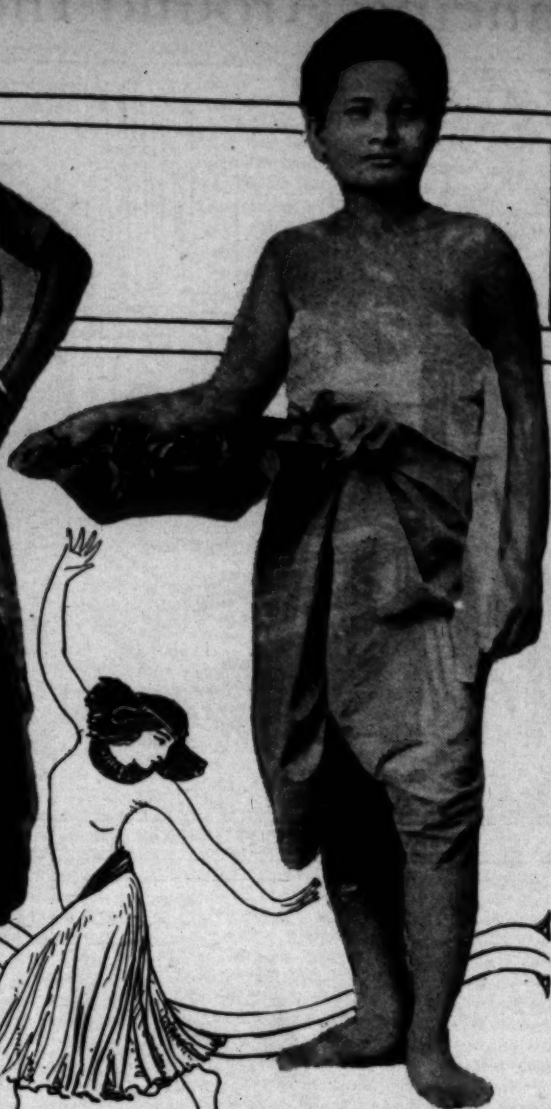
Swahili Arab girl in dancing garb

The

Swahili
Arab
girl in
dancing
garb



*Nautil girl
making
the Salamm*



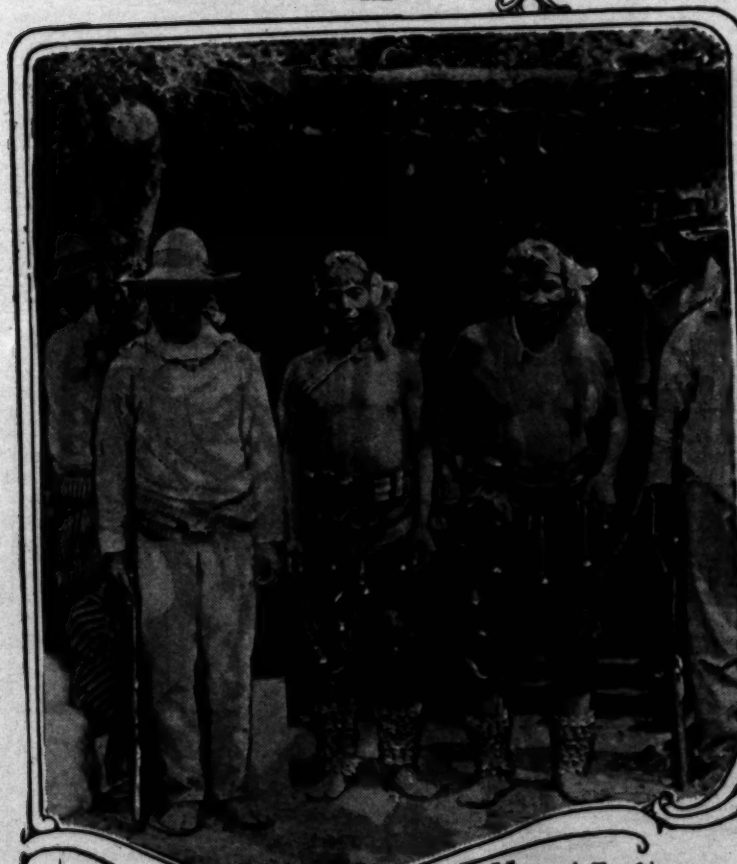
"Flower dancer"
of
Bangkok, Siam.



A
Javanese
dancing girl.



A Hindu dancing woman.



*Yagui Indian
dancers in costume.*

THE PURSUIT.
 In the bench behind his stamp-mill batteries, Jimmy Curtis was hooting his razor—a real razor, not “the lawn-mower-kind that pulls an out by the roots.” At the store of Don Emilio Contreras they had that morning charged him an outrageous price for it, because of the fact that forbidden the house a score of years ago. The Lola’s condition in the house was no longer a certain “Kringo” whom her father had day evening. He kissed them both and hurried away to secure the latest horses. Chihuahua tomorrow, and return by Mon-search revealed but one razor. Protected in what had become of his razor. Protected in the names of the manning to know, in the names of the for hot water and shortly thereafter de-

The Strategy of Tia Lola. By Harold Playter.

Illustrated Weekly
 Saturday, December 20, 1914

Recent Cartoons.



Christmas C. O. D.
 New York Sun.



BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS.
 Baltimore Star.



Baltimore American



Des Moines Register & Leader.



Philadelphia Ledger.



Spokane Spokesman-Review



Cleveland Plain Dealer.



New York World.

Mitchell.

"No, indeed! **This** is the first time
ever worn it."

The Strategy of Tia Lola. By Harold Playter.

THE PURSUIT.

ON the bench behind his stamp-mill batteries, Jimmy Curtis was honing his razor—a real razor, not “the lawnmower-kind that pulls ‘em out by the roots.”

At the store of Don Emilio Contreras they had that morning charged him an outrageous price for it; because of the duty, they said—Mexican duties are “for revenue only.” But Jimmy reflected complacently, he could afford the best now. Being new, it scarcely needed honing—but that week’s growth of stubble accumulated since he broke his old blade was pretty wiry. He stropped the blade carefully, smiling softly as he thought of the evening before him; happily conscious that this was his last twelve-hour shift in the old mill. He looked at his watch. Five o’clock; plenty of time to shave before his relief came on shift at six—

“Clang! Clang! Clang!” above the rhythmic roar of the stamps sounded the ominous ring of a broken stem. Jimmy cursed and put down the razor. Ethics demanded that he leave the mill shipshape for the oncoming shiftman.

While Jimmy and his helper were replacing the stem, Jose Lopez, who ran the concentrating tables, sauntered up behind the batteries, picked up the razor, laid the edge squarely upon the hone and—apparently tried to cut the hone.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned; a certain Catherine distributed poison with fatal liberality; but there is no crime comparable to that of the man who dulls another’s razor.

With a satisfied curl of the black-mustached lip, Jose Lopez strolled back to his concentrating tables. Jose was a handsome chap. Born in Texas, he was half American, half Mexican. He was on the American pay roll—the gold pay roll—of the La Plata Mining & Milling Company, but his racial predilections were subject to change. At this period he inclined strongly toward the Mexican population of La Plata—to whom in former times he had disparagingly referred as “the natives.” But at this particular moment Jose was neither “native” nor “gringo”—he was purely and simply a cosmopolitan “villain.”

Jimmy had trouble replacing that stem; it took him an hour—an hour that he could ill spare. He hurried back to his razor, and wasted forty-five more precious minutes. The razor’s bent edge bit deep into cheek, chin and upper lip, and severed only a few unimportant hairs; he could do nothing with it. Very unjustly he cursed its makers, put it in his pocket and washed the strawberry ice-cream from his face. Rushing to his room at the mess house, he flung himself into conventional clothes, repocketed the razor, then leaped still bearded and bleeding, into a waiting carruaje and bade the cochero flay his horses.

But Las Moscas, the rancho of Don Emilio Contreras, was four miles from La Plata. Jimmy arrived to find Jose Lopez already there. Assembled in the sala, ready for departure, was the whole family—for when one escorts one’s Mexican lady love to a function, one escorts also her relatives to the most remote blood tie.

When Jimmy entered the room, his eyes first encountered the dark, reproachful orbs of Catalina.

“Why didst thou not come earlier?” they chided him; then they deepened with surprise and concern as they took in the unsightliness of his countenance.

Don Emilio and his wife, Dona Paula, bent upon him looks of severe reproof. These he supported with courtesy, but his restraint was sorely tried when he glanced toward Jose, for in Jose’s eyes was an amused and ill-concealed malice. All at once Jimmy knew what had befallen that razor.

Catalina presented him to a third woman, her aunt, Don Emilio’s maiden sister, Tia Lola had unexpectedly arrived that day for a visit. Jimmy noted that Tia Lola had eyes and a mouth like Catalina’s, and that her forty years had not hardened them. She smiled sympathetically when Don Emilio suggested that perhaps Senor Curtis would escort his sister to the dance since Jose’s carruaje would be rather crowded. Jimmy gnashed his teeth—

with the accent on the “g”—but he was gamely courteous.

So sincere was his deference toward her, in spite of his chagrin, that Tia Lola was touched. She had seen the look in Catalina’s eyes when Jimmy entered the sala, and Jimmy’s own blue eyes recalled those of a certain “gringo” whom her father had forbidden the house a score of years ago. Somehow Tia Lola had never married, although—

Romance, albeit vicarious, once more warmed, almost thrilled, Tia Lola’s empty heart. During the drive to La Plata, she encouraged Jimmy to talk, and Jimmy’s sore spirit responded gratefully. A rivalry of more than a year, he told her, had culminated in Catalina’s recent admission that she preferred him to Jose. She had agreed that Jimmy should take her to this baile, and that they should dance only with each other as is the custom of accepted novios, but she had warned him that he must come early. Don Emilio had no great love for Americans; he favored Jose, but had it not been for this unhappy coincidence of gnashed and bearded tardiness, Jimmy felt that he might have won the father also. He had planned to apprise Don Emilio that night of the fact that he, Jimmy, had just sold a half-interest in a valuable mining prospect, in which he had invested his savings, for ten thousand dollars, retaining management of the property.

Tia Lola promised nothing, said little, but somehow Jimmy was comforted.

At the dance Jimmy hovered in the darkness of the patio wondering how he might get private speech with Catalina without exposing his face. Now and then Tia Lola came to the door and peered in his direction. Anon came Don Emilio for a breath of fresh air. Jimmy promptly buttonholed him and asked for Catalina’s hand. Don Emilio refused. Jimmy’s temper rose; instead of recounting his financial good fortune, he unwisely reminded Don Emilio that Catalina was of age and lawfully entitled to make her own choice. Don Emilio laughed shortly, disagreeably.

“Invoke the law, if you care to try,” he said, and turned on his heel. A moment later Jimmy heard him inviting all the men to the refreshment bar, and when they were all assembled Don Emilio slapped Jose paternally on the back and announced that on Saturday next there would be a wedding.

While the men were drinking two women appeared in the doorway and emerged, walking quickly toward Jimmy.

“Catalina!” Jimmy grasped the girl’s hands and led her into the shadow. Then, while Tia Lola stood at a discreet distance, Jimmy narrated how Jose had delayed him.

Catalina’s wrath was most comforting. Marry Jose? She would marry a peon first. She crept into Jimmy’s arms and braved the piercing whisks in one mad kiss.

“Jeemee,” she murmured, “it is an omen, mi novio. Thou shalt wear this beard until we are wed! Give to me the razor; I shall always treasure it.”—Jimmy gave it to her.—“But,” she continued, “what can we do? No local magistrate would dare interfere in my father’s affairs, nor would any priest dare marry us against his wishes. If I defy him he will put me in a convent!”

Suddenly Tia Lola stood before them.

“Listen, Jeemee,” she said rapidly. “Go at once to Chihuahua City and tell Pedro Salazar that Lola Contreras sent you. Bid him remember the pink mantilla he gave me on a certain New Year’s eve, and the promise I made him. Then ask of him what you will. Emilio, my brother, is a good man but a fool; I will not see this girl’s life spoiled as mine has been. Catalina will promise to marry Jose unless you can prevent, and Emilio will laugh, thinking that you mean to approach the local authorities, whom he holds in his hand. But Pedro Salazar can procure for you legal papers which Emilio dare not ignore. Tell him to send a trusted official to serve them, or”—Tia Lola hesitated, then went bravely on—“tell him that if he comes himself, Lola Contreras will be here to greet him. You must act quickly and secretly.” Tia Lola stood erect, her head thrown back. The admiring Jimmy well knew what this defiance of her country’s con-

ventions cost her. He seized her hands and kissed them.

“Thank you a thousand times, mi tia, for so I shall call you now. I shall be in Chihuahua tomorrow, and return by Monday evening.” He kissed them both and hurried away to secure the fastest horses in camp.

Tia Lola’s confidence in Pedro Salazar was fully justified. Being high in government circles, he was able to further Jimmy’s plans—and his own heart’s desire—without delay. But it is hard to invoke the law secretly, and Emilio Contreras had many friends in Chihuahua.

On Monday evening the Contreras family, with Jose Lopez as their guest, were just sitting down to dinner at Las Moscas when a vaquero dismounted from a sweating horse before the house and burst unceremoniously into the room, handing Don Emilio a letter. Don Emilio read the letter with increasing signs of anger and dismay. He called Jose aside.

“Jose, this letter warns me that this gringo has by some devil’s trick obtained legal papers demanding that Catalina be delivered over to the authorities if she is unwilling to remain under my control. He said an official will be here within the hour.”

“They must not be allowed to serve those papers, Don Emilio. If we can elude them until Saturday night, Catalina will be forced to keep her promise. We can travel from one of your ranchos to another, always obtaining fresh horses and leaving instructions that the gringo be given poor ones. We can circle around by way of La Cana, and there you can have every horse driven into the hills. That will leave them stranded and give us plenty of time to reach La Plata and consummate the wedding.”

Thus it came to pass that for five days and five nights the majesty of the law and the bewhiskered Jimmy pursued Don Emilio Contreras over his own broad acres, those acres in which, it may be surmised, Jose Lopez was as much interested as in the girl. From Las Moscas northward to Los Pozos, thence northeast to El Represo, and eastward to El Trigo, Don Emilio traveled in leisurely fashion, never gaining much lest the pursuit lose heart and turn back to La Plata. Then from El Trigo southward to La Cana he began to put on speed.

Catalina was jealously guarded; never for a moment did she escape the eyes of her parents or of Jose. And Tia Lola—who had refused to be left behind, declaring that she would not miss the fun of the chase—acted well her role of amused neutrality.

At every stopping place Pedro Salazar stormed and threatened in the name of the law, and Jimmy was lavish with money; but Don Emilio’s peons were loyal, and as there was scarce a horse in the country traversed that was not his, the mounts of Jimmy and Salazar were poor and forthcoming slowly, although every other courtesy was extended them. They reached La Cana about midnight Friday on utterly fagged horses, to find that Don Emilio had rested there six hours and had then started on the long home stretch to Las Moscas in the evening. It soon became apparent that money and threats would not—could not—procure fresh horses for the pursuers, and, weary and disheartened, they retired to the rooms assigned them.

The Contreras family reached Las Moscas Saturday noon. They retired at once for a much-needed rest, and slept until within an hour of the time set for the wedding. This was to have taken place in the La Plata church, but, under the circumstances, all invitations were called off. The priest and the magistrate were notified to appear at Las Moscas at 9 o’clock, when the two ceremonies—that of the church, and that legally required by the State—were to be performed in strict privacy.

Tia Lola was the first to be stirring. Her heart was heavy; so thorough had been Don Emilio’s plans for balking pursuit at La Cana that she knew that Jimmy and Salazar could not possibly get horses in time. Nevertheless, Tia Lola determined to delay proceedings to the last. If she could not save Catalina, she would at least make her brother and Jose pay for their victory. Presently Don Emilio was heard calling

for hot water and shortly thereafter demanding to know, in the names of the saints and careless wives and servants, what had become of his razor. Protracted search revealed but one razor. Don Emilio insisted that the bridegroom’s week’s accumulation of beard should be removed first, and Jose accordingly retired to the bathroom.

Now, Jose felt the grip of avenging fate upon his heart as soon as he picked up that razor. Although the case was old the name upon it was familiar, and the razor itself was unmistakably *ne*. Jose cut himself five times and wasted thirty minutes before he dared call Don Emilio and tell him that his razor was no good.

Don Emilio protested that this was the best razor made. Jose was unnerved, said he, by the approaching function. He would show the trembling bridegroom how to shave.

Don Emilio cut himself three times before he began to bellow for someone to go to the bunk-house, a quarter-mile distant, to borrow razors of the vaqueros.

Tia Lola heard him first and volunteered to go. She returned presently with three razors which she carefully whetted upon the adobe bricks before entering the house. Taking them to the bathroom, she handed them to the half-clothed men; skillfully extracting the key from the inside of the door as she did so. She closed the door softly, turned the key in the lock, and slipped the key into her stocking. Going to the front door she listened intently, as she had done a dozen times that evening. But no sound reached her ears save yelps of pain and profane rage proceeding from the bathroom.

It was 9 o’clock before Don Emilio discovered that he was locked in. There ensued a tremendous pounding and swearing that terrified the priest and the waiting family in the sala. Dona Paula ran about in a panic, screaming for servants to bring keys or batter down the bathroom door. Tia Lola ran again to the front door.

And above the tumult of the house there came to her ears sounds as of a battle in progress far down the La Cana road. Shotguns, rifles, machine guns and diminutive cannon seemed to strive for supremacy in mad pandemonium. This grew louder and louder until presently there plunged into the light streaming from the windows a most curious vehicle for Cupid’s use. It was an archaic motorcycle, built for two, driven by Jimmy. Upon the rear seat Pedro Salazar clung desperately, both to Jimmy and to two large storage batteries, robbed in the night from the La Cana pump house. For tires the machine had spliced manilla rope wrapped with wire; it groaned and squeaked, sputtered and gasped, as it came to an exhausted stop and lay down upon its side. Jimmy ran to Tia Lola.

“Are we in time, mi tia?” cried the *deus ex machina*.

Quite shamelessly Tia Lola dived into her stocking, then handed a key to Salazar.

“In the bathroom,” she choked with laughter.

They all repaired to the bathroom and liberated its inmates, upon whose gashed and tufted countenances bewilderment vied with anger. Jose speedily vanished into the night. Don Emilio stared in speechless wrath as Pedro Salazar drew from his pocket several scraps of pink lace and handed them to Tia Lola, saying:

“Thy mantilla, Lola. Thou shalt have another. And—thy promise?”

“I will keep it, Pedro; the priest and magistrates are here.” She turned to her brother: “Forgive me, Emilio; I could not see Catalina wed unhappily. I scattered these pieces of mantilla along the road as we went. At La Cana I left one in the bed which Jeemee was to—and I tied in it a note telling of the old motorcycle I had seen in the shed, and of the gasoline in the pump-house. The machine looked as hopeless to me as it evidently did to you, but it was our last chance. Jeemee is ingenious—he serves a reward.”

Don Emilio has never quite forgiven his sister, but her new-found, though tardily-grasped, happiness enables her to survive this.

To his gringo grandchildren, however, Don Emilio has become more than reconciled.

My royal mother is in the palanquin, and I have just arrived in your room. Let her pass, I replied, and I urged the chamberlain to open the door. The chamberlain, who was waiting in the doorway, opened the door and I stepped forth into the outer court and took my seat upon the divan.

But a general smile among the company showed the hakeem that his calling was held in no undue reverence, at least by those without present need of his ministrations. "When I was alone with my mortars and my drugs," resumed the narrator, "I lost no time in examining the mysterious packet. I unwound the silk threads that tightly tied it, both to restrict its bulk and to render it secure. Soon, to my amazement, I uncovered a string of ten pearls, of a size and lustrous purity that bespoke a high value even to my untutored eyes. Also there was a little seal of red chalcodony, with the antlered head of a deer and some scroll of lettering engraved upon it; but there was not one scrap of writing to explain to me the reason of these gifts."

"The fellow rose to his feet, with a servile and submissive smile, and, by a wave of my hand, I dismissed him from my presence. "Here, indeed, was an adventure thrust upon me, a man of peace and of studious habits, who had ever shrunk from deeds of violence; but the hand of fate was clearly beckoning me along the path of duty, and not for a moment did I shrink from the dangers into which, perchance, I was being hurried."

"For the maharajah, worthless, besotted, and on the verge of dishonored death, I could have no respect. For the lady of his household, who was confiding to me her very life, whose soft hand I had touched with due reverence, there was an instinctive feeling of sympathy. In her hour of dire need, most likely of extreme danger, she had turned to me, a man of staid repute and old enough, no doubt, to be her father. So this was no affair of conjugal wrong, from which my religious scruples and my abiding principles alike would have repelled me. Clearly was I the instrument in God's directing hand for some great happening, and it was not for me, through thought of self or cowardice, to interpose obstacles to the carrying out of the divine will."

Her Mother Love. By Edmund Mitchell.

AT THE CARAVANSERAI.
(EIGHT TRAVELERS, HINDUS AND MOSLEMS, FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF INDIA, HAVE MET AT A CARAVANSERAI OUTSIDE THE CITY OF FATIHPUR-SIKRI, THE CAPITAL OF THE MOGUL EMPEROR, AKBAR—THE YEAR IS 1586, JUST BEFORE EUROPEANS BEGAN TO ARRIVE IN HINDUSTAN—IN ACCORDANCE WITH ORIENTAL CUSTOM, THE TRAVELERS BEGUILE THE NIGHT BY STORY-TELLING—THIS IS THE SEVENTH OF THE SERIES OF TALES.)

BY GENERAL although unspoken assent, the eyes of all the company were now directed to the venerable hakeem, as if to invite from him the next contribution to the night's entertainment. Meditatively for a moment the man of medicine stroked his broad white beard that descended almost to his girdle, and then began:

"Familiar to us all is the thought that death is but a birth into another state of existence, whether that state be the eternal paradise which is the final goal of every man's hopes, or merely another stage thitherward. Death is a birth, the truth of which will more forcibly appeal to our minds when we reflect also that birth is a death."

"How can that be, except for the still-born?" queried the astrologer.

The hakeem raised a hand deprecating the interruption.

"Nay, follow me in my argument," he continued quietly. "If death is a birth, then is a birth truly death. For the babe has been living through a prior stage of existence. To it the nine months passed in its mother's womb may have meant a long span of life. For time is but a relative term, and, measured against eternity, the whole period of man's sojourn on earth, be it three score or four score years, is but as the puff of a single breath. So the child in the womb lives there a full span of existence; it is nurtured and it grows, it sleeps and it wakes, it lies passive and is disports itself, it is sensitive to cold and to heat, to thirst and to hunger, and God alone knows what it thinks and what mental impressions it forms of the existence through which it is passing. And the hour of its birth is truly the hour of its death, for in pain and travail it is plucked from its warm and comfortable surroundings, and with the shock of physical change and unseeing dread it cries aloud in sharp anguish. Thus precisely do we ourselves die when we pass from this world to another existence, physically and mentally resenting the harsh change, terrified because of our very ignorance of what is really happening."

The physician paused, amid a deep hush that bore eloquent testimony to the impressiveness of the thought of which he had given utterance.

"But the parallel does not end here," he resumed.

"When the infant is born, then for the first time does it see face to face the divinity who through all the preceding stage of its existence has protected it, warmed it, and nourished it. In the presence of its mother it is in the presence of the God who has hitherto enveloped it, wholly and completely, in His own divine being. So when we die we will be face to face with the now unseen God who everywhere encompasses us, beholding Him at first only with the dazzled vision and dim half-consciousness of the new-born babe, but growing to know Him and to love Him as we have all known and loved the devoted mothers who bore us. For mother love is man's first foretaste of God love, the full story of which we shall comprehend only when by death we are born into a higher and more spacious sphere of existence."

There was another brief interval of silence, again unbroken by any comment from the auditors. Then the hakeem continued in lighter tone:

"Now let me point my moral by telling you a story of a mother's supreme devotion for her son."

The Physician's Story.

"At one time I practiced my profession in the capital city of a state ruled over by a maharajah, who, although he had been a brave and honorable man in his prime, had degenerated into a mere voluptuary, spending his days in the companionship of nautch girls and disreputable men, indulging constantly in immoderate potations of strong wine, and given at times to the use of bhang, which does more than anything else to dull

the faculties and deaden the conscience of the unfortunate who surrenders himself to its seductive spells. The inevitable results were for him the premature loss of health and strength, and for his people misrule, extortion and widespread unhappiness.

"It happened that, after several Hindu physicians had failed to restore their royal master from a fainting spell, I, a Moslem, was summoned in haste to the palace. I carried with me a small jar containing a certain pungent liquid, which I applied to the nostrils of my patient, with the result that he was straightway brought back from seeming death to consciousness of his surroundings. I take no special credit for effecting this recovery, but the maharajah himself deemed me to be a veritable worker of miracles, and, dismissing all his other doctors, kept me thenceforth constantly by his side. From the first I knew, by his trembling limbs and enfeebled condition, that death had marked him for its own; but I could, at least, prepare aromatic drinks to mitigate his pains and saffron meats to drive out the evil spirits that possessed him.

"Thus did it come about that I gained the confidence of the maharajah, and when it happened that one of his favorite wives had fallen into a decline, and had begged for the services of a physician, the honorable trust of ministering to her needs was confided to me. My examination of the invalid was in accordance with the usual restrictions. Accompanied by the feeble old maharajah himself, I was conducted to an apartment across which a heavy curtain was suspended. After an interval of waiting, the rustle of silken garments behind the purdah, followed by the gentle sigh of a woman, told me that my patient had arrived. It was the husband himself who bade her thrust her tongue through an orifice in the curtain. My inspection of this member revealed no internal disorder, and I requested from my master permission to touch the lady's hand so that I might feel the pulsing of the blood in her veins. Not too willingly he ordered her to push her arm through the opening.

"It was a dainty white hand, with many jeweled rings upon the taper fingers, and the nails, as with all ladies of quality, dyed the deep orange red of henna. Although I knew well that the jealously watchful eyes of her lord were upon me, I made no hesitancy in encompassing the wrist with my own fingers. But the little hand within mine was clenched tight, and, the better to conduct my examination, I freed my fingers from her wrist so as to straighten out hers as I required them. When I attempted to do this, however, I was conscious of some resistance and then of the presence of a small packet concealed in the palm of her hand. With a flash of comprehension I knew that the package must be intended to be conveyed to me surreptitiously, and, with no thought at that critical moment of what the ulterior object might be, I aided the act by a deft movement of my shoulder, which for a moment intercepted the maharajah's gaze.

"In another second he could see my fingertips lightly pressed on her wrist, and her empty hand extended; but the package was safe in my other hand, and not the quiver of a muscle on my face betrayed that anything unusual had happened. Both to mask my feelings, and to give the lady behind the curtain confidence that she could repose trust in my discretion, I counted the pulse beats aloud.

"These indeed told me that the heart of my patient was beating at a mad gallop, but this I divined was simply caused by the daring deed she had essayed and successfully accomplished. I deemed it wise and prudent, however, to announce that the lady was suffering from a fever, and that I would send her a powder that would speedily restore her to good health. At this the maharajah was sufficiently overjoyed to permit of my withdrawal without obvious embarrassment. I had a smile upon my lips, and the secret package secure in the folds of my girdle. A chuprassi accompanied me to my home to bring back the medicine.

"I knew, of course, that it was only a dry powder that this high-born Hindu lady could take from my dispensary, for to have swallowed a liquid drug would have been a violation of her caste. I took pains to let the chuprassi see that my hands did not touch the powder, which, after due weighing, I bestowed in a paper carefully sealed, instructed him to deliver it to no one but his

highness the maharajah. It was only finely ground sugar that the man carried away. But perhaps this is a harmless little trick of my profession which even now I should not disclose."

But a general smile among the company showed the hakeem that his calling was held in no undue reverence, at least by those without present need of his ministrations.

"When I was alone with my mortars and my drugs," resumed the narrator, "I lost no time in examining the mysterious packet. I unwound the silk threads that tightly tied it, both to restrict its bulk and to render it secure. Soon, to my amazement, I uncovered a string of ten pearls, of a size and lustrous purity that bespoke a high value even to my untutored eyes. Also there was a little seal of red chalcodony, with the antlered head of a deer and some scroll of lettering engraved upon it; but there was not one scrap of writing to explain to me the reason of these gifts."

"Had the lady, as often happens, imagined herself to be seriously sick, and devised this plan of invoking my interest and most skillful services on her behalf? But why, then, the seal, the value of which was quite insignificant?"

"Even as I was pondering these questions, there came a clapping of hands at the gateway of my home that announced the arrival of a visitor. Hastily concealing the pearls and the seal in my girdle, I stepped forth into the outer court and took my seat upon the divan.

"Straightway there was ushered into my presence a big man clothed in rich garments. His sable complexion and thick lips declared him to be a Moorman from across the seas, and his beardless chin further told at a glance that he was an attendant at the seraglio of some rich noble.

"He salaamed me with the cool confidence of his kind, and, without waiting for an invitation, seated himself on the carpet at my feet.

"My name, O learned hakeem, is Malik Kafur," he began in the shrill treble voice I had anticipated, 'and you know why I come here?'

"As my knowledge had been taken for granted, I bowed in acquiescence.

"But her highness said that you would first of all show me her signet so as to prove that you are acting with her authority."

"With all due gravity I produced the chalcodony seal from my belt, and, without quitting hold, extended it for my visitor's inspection. There was a swift gleam of recognition in his eyes.

"That is right," he murmured.

"Then proceed," I said, quietly. "You can speak in the fullest confidence."

"I have promised the maharajah that tomorrow, when the fourth of the day is over, I shall conduct her into the bazaars. She bade me explain her plans precisely, so that you in turn should know how to act. Well, her highness will be, as usual, in her palanquin slung between two mules. When we turn from the coppersmiths' bazaar into the secluded bazaar where the money changers dwell, the two grooms in charge of the mules will be assailed by budmashes and beaten with sticks, I, too, will be knocked down and my clothes torn; but do not worry on my account."

"I gave a cheerful nod to signify that his anxiety on this score might be set at rest.

"It will devolve on you to have two men ready to take advantage of the confusion of the scuffle and lead away the mules with the palanquin, conducting the maharajah to a place which she herself will indicate. This you understand?"

"I understand."

"At night, when I shall come to you again, under cover of the darkness, you will pay over to me the agreed-upon price—the ten pearls which her highness has placed in your custody."

"They are here," I assented, holding aloft the little string of pearls, the purpose they were intended to serve at last made clear to my understanding.

"The eyes of the negro flashed with cupidity, and he reached forth a big, fat, black hand.

"I can be trusted to do my share of the task," he said, eagerly. "To save trouble, let me be paid now."

"Not so, thou slave," I replied, curtly and with authority, as I returned the pearls to their place of safe-keeping. "The price will

be paid when the service is performed. Tomorrow night you will be admitted, Malik Kafur, if you knock three times at my gate."

"The fellow rose to his feet, with a servile and submissive smile, and, by a wave of my hand, I dismissed him from my presence. "Here, indeed, was an adventure thrust upon me, a man of peace and of studious habits, who had ever shrunk from deeds of violence; but the hand of fate was clearly beckoning me along the path of duty, and not for a moment did I shrink from the dangers into which, perchance, I was being hurried."

"For the maharajah, worthless, besotted, and on the verge of dishonored death, I could have no respect. For the lady of his household, who was confiding to me her very life, whose soft hand I had touched with due reverence, there was an instinctive feeling of sympathy. In her hour of dire need, most likely of extreme danger, she had turned to me, a man of staid repute and old enough, no doubt, to be her father. So this was no affair of conjugal wrong, from which my religious scruples and my abiding principles alike would have repelled me. Clearly was I the instrument in God's directing hand for some great happening, and it was not for me, through thought of self or cowardice, to interpose obstacles to the carrying out of the divine will."

"And as I thus ruminated there came from a minaret close by the call to evening prayer. 'The world is but an hour,' I murmured to myself as I spread the carpet; 'spend it in devotion, the rest is unseen.'

"On the morrow I was astir even before the morning call to prayer. 'Prayer is better than sleep'—I listened to the familiar cry of the muezzin. But while again I prayed I felt that a good deed done may count more for a man at the gates of Paradise than the record of many prayers."

"Full an hour before the appointed time I was at the corner of the coppersmiths' and the money changers' bazaars. Here I posted two of my retainers, in whom I could place complete confidence. They had already been instructed how to act when the proper moment arrived. For myself, I sauntered through the crowded and noisy bazaar of the makers and menders of copper vessels, so as not to attract undue attention. In my heart was not one flutter of excitement or of uncertainty: I felt the quiet confidence which in the crises of life comes to a man whose trust in God the Most High is implicit."

"After a period of waiting there came into sight the huge black Moorman, in his hand a white wand of office, and, following close behind him, a brilliantly decorated palanquin suspended between a pair of mules and attended by two grooms, leading the animals. The throng had parted before this little procession, averting their eyes from the covered palanquin, as was befitting."

"But suddenly, at the intersection of the two bazaars, a group of loiterers sprang forward, and with cries assailed the Moorman and the grooms, turning the mules into the quieter thoroughfare. There I had now posted myself, and, while the shopkeepers ran up the street to see what had befallen, the cavalcade under my directions, and with my attendants at the animals' heads, hurried along, and as we threaded our way through the maze of streets the tumult of voices soon died away behind us."

"After a little time I ventured to approach the curtained palanquin."

"I spoke just loud enough to be heard by its occupant:

"May your day, O Queen, be peaceful! Your servant, most humble and devoted, awaits your orders."

"Peace be to thee, O thou trustful and brave hakeem. Take me to the protection of thy wife and home."

"It was a soft, melodious woman's voice that had spoken, tremblingly, imploringly, and yet thral in a tone of authority."

"As thou hast commanded, so shall it be done," was my brief reply.

"After a little time the cavalcade, without any undue attention being attracted, had passed through the gateway of my home, and the doors had been barred behind us."

"To my surprise a gallant youth, some twelve years of age, sprang through the momentarily parted curtains of the palanquin."

"I salute thee, O hakeem, our deliverer," he exclaimed, kissing the hem of my robe.

ALFRED HOYD, the silk expert, on a recent trip in the Ozark region, says he saw a rather unusual advertisement in one of the village papers as follows: "Wanted—To trade, two mules for two horses or two horses for two mules—makes no difference which. Apply John Hekop." Breaking into the conference around the "out." "Why, how can you say that?" "I'd love to keep on and on, but I'm dandied out." "Really," she protested. "I must stop man from the West." "Transporting strenuously with a vigorous young the pretty New England maiden had been I WAS a fashionable southern resort and fast. Further the mind; invigorates the eye- in huge type: "For the human race break- tem. It has sustained thousands, it will such as you. See that you get it." Finally, card: "Why die when a enormous pla- prolong life!" How an omnibus driver scored on Kipling told by an American friend of the writer's.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the well-known American author and critic, tells a Shakespeare story. Shakespeare jubilee, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock and said: "Shakespeare?" "Yes," he says, "during one of the Shakespeare jubilees."

The Story of Creation.

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times

From Many Sources

Brief Anecdotes Gathered

The Departure of Mr. Cassidy.

By Frederick John Jackson.

A FRONTIER STORY.

"WANT your time, do yuh?" drawlingly inquired the foreman as he pulled out his notebook. "Le's see, five months and fourteen days I make it. At forty per, that's two hundred and eighteen dollars and sixty-five cents. I'll give you a check after supper. Your job's open for you until next week. You'll be back by then, and bring the mail with you. And you might give my love to the little blonde biscuit shooter in the Elite," he added with a grin.

The next morning saw Silvers Cassidy with the check aflame in his pocket, hitting the trail for La Verde. He owned a flea-bitten, apologetic-looking sorrel and a worn saddle to match. To the casual observer the sorrel appeared ready to drop within the next mile, and only those who knew range horses would have sized him up as a stayer.

And a stayer he was. Long miles were reeled off that day by the shuffling, awkward gait of Cassidy's mount, and the late afternoon saw them with hardly a sign of fatigue. Only the dust which coated both horse and rider told of the distance traveled.

That evening, whooping and yelling in sheer exuberance, he galloped into La Verde's main (and only) street. He cashed his check at Dynamite Jones's thirst emporium, stood the drinks for the crowd as frontier etiquette demands, and then went out to feed his horse.

Later, with the intention of making a night of it, he wandered into the Bonanza and finally sat into a game in the rear room. Warned by painful memories he placed only fifty dollars in sight on the table as a starter. He boosted the fifty up to two hundred and then lost it all in a big pot. On the table came the remainder of the pay check, and Cassidy started to win the two hundred back. It soon went into a big pot, and, as the dealer showed down four bullets to Cassidy's king full, he arose from the table cleaned, except for a few silver coins.

Morose, he made the rounds of the various saloons, gambling houses and dance halls before going to bed in the hayloft of the stable where his horse was quartered.

He arose the next morning fully determined to go back to the ranch. As he passed the postoffice he bethought himself of getting the mail for the outfit. Among the others was a letter addressed in a trembling hand to Thomas Henry Cassidy. For a moment he looked at it wondering. It was the first letter that he had received since leaving home six years before, during a fit of boyish anger at his father. Then his eyes grew moist as he recognized the postmark of the New Jersey town where he had spent his boyhood days.

It was from his mother, to whom he had not written since he left home. She had read in the newspapers of his winning the fancy shooting contest at the cowboy carnival in Imperial and had finally traced him up.

His father was dead and she was ill, destitute, and longing for a sight of her boy.

Cassidy clenched the letter in his hand as a rush of homesickness and remorse for leaving his mother came over him. Slowly he rode back to the stable, tied his horse and crept into the hayloft. There he lay face downward, his body heaving with tearless sobs.

At last, ashamed of his feelings, he pulled himself together and went out to try to sell his horse and saddle and send the money home. Unsuccessful, he wandered into the back room of the Bonanza, tipped a chair against the wall and sat down to think. Finally he fell asleep.

Later on in the afternoon the boosters and gamblers began dropping in and soon a game of draw was in progress. Cassidy dozed on behind the dealer's chair. No attention was paid to him. "Paralyzed with whisky!" was the way they had him sized up. When the lights were lit he was awakened by the glare and sat there silently watching the dealer from beneath lowered eyelids. At last a pot was raised and back-raised until there was about fifteen hundred dollars in the center of the table. Then Cassidy saw the dealer deftly flip a card from beneath a clip on the bottom edge of the table.

He started up and pulled his gun on the gambler.

"So that's how yuh skinned me, yuh sneaking son of a coyote."

The dealer's answer was to reach for his Colt. It was an ill-advised move, for Cassidy immediately cut loose and shot him twice, in the arm and shoulder. The other gamblers had raised their hands and were very careful to keep them at the regulation height.

At the point of the gun, one of the players placed the pot money and the dealer's bankroll in a buckskin sack, which Cassidy thrust into his shirt. Still keeping the group covered, he walked to the door, changed the key from the inside to the outside, then slipped through the door and locked the gamblers within.

Once outside the front door, he threw the key away and made a bee line for the stable. Saddling hurriedly, Cassidy rode around to the general merchandise store, where he invested in a rifle, some ammunition and provisions. He also bought a canteen, something that he had always despised. The storekeeper followed him to the door.

"Well, so long, Silvers," he called. "When you comin' back?"

"Never!" answered Cassidy as he disappeared in the darkness.

The door leading from the rear room of the Bonanza was finally battered down and the gamblers spread their tale of woe throughout La Verde. Most of the men about town openly sympathized with the cowboy and brazenly hoped that he would get clear. Still, the reckless shooting, to say nothing of the lifting of the pot money, could not be condoned by the majesty of the law, and the Sheriff had to turn his salary—if he could. Those who knew Cassidy predicted that he could not, and were willing to give odds on their prediction.

When the moon came from behind the clouds, Sheriff McCann picked up Cassidy's trail. The hoof prints of his horse were plainly visible on the desert's sandy surface, and the posse made good time. By daylight the Sheriff judged they would come up with him.

They did.

Their first warning came when the Sheriff's horse stumbled and sank down, accompanied by the crack of a Winchester. In rapid succession came two more reports, and the deputies' horses fell dead.

The posse immediately scrambled for shelter among the rocks. One hundred and fifty yards away, three puffs of smoke were thinning out above the boulders surrounding "Twenty Mile" water hole.

A steel-jacketed bullet struck the rock in front of Silvers Cassidy, sending a spurt of dust into his eyes. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and pumped two shots at the group of rocks from which the posse was merrily popping away at him. Realizing that he was too much exposed for the good of his future, he wedged a slab of stone between two boulders and thrust his Winchester beneath it. Then he found that, while he could keep his pursuers covered, they had slight chance of getting him.

There they lay for two hours with only an occasional desultory shot. The posse was trying to pot Cassidy, while he was merely holding them at bay. Between the posse and the water hole there was absolutely no cover, only the flat scintillating desert, already eddying with heat waves.

The Sheriff grew thirsty and found that his canteen was strapped on the saddle of his dead horse away out in the open—probably smashed flat when the horse fell. He asked Russell, one of his deputies, for a drink. From behind his rock Russell held the canteen at arm's length toward the Sheriff, who lay behind another stone about six feet away.

Just as McCann reached for it, a lucky shot from Cassidy struck the canteen in the center. The resistance of the water in the tightly-corked canteen caused it to burst under the impact of the high power bullet. The water disappeared in a fine spray, and a jagged strip of metal with a few shreds of canvas were all that remained of the canteen.

"That makes me thirstier," said the Sheriff. "Johnson, got your canteen?"

"Naw," replied Johnson. "It's on my hoss."

"Well, we sure are up against it then," commented the Sheriff grimly. "On the edge of Pacha Valley, out of water, and the best shot in the Southwest holding the only water hole within twenty miles. Its gonna

be hotter than the pig-iron hinges of Hades. Our only chance is to wait for dark and then crawl for the canteen on Johnson's horse. It's a full moon tonight and we ain't got a ghost of a show of getting Cassidy unless he falls asleep. We gotta wait till dark."

And so they waited. By ten o'clock their guns blistered their hands whenever touched. By noon they were suffering untold agonies. Exhausted by their long ride and sleepless night and baked by the merciless desert sun, every tissue in their bodies craved moisture.

McCann finally wiped his parched, swollen lips with a tongue which rasped like sandpaper, and croaked, rather than spoke, "Boys, the heat's getting me. I gotta have water or I'm a goner."

And he waved his handkerchief above the rock.

In a moment came a hail from Cassidy. "What yuh want?"

With his hands held high, McCann arose from behind his rock and started walking toward Cassidy. At each step he sank to his ankles in the burning, yielding sand. Blinded by the glare he reeled, stumbled, and at times almost fell. Only by sheer force of will did he manage to reach the water hole, where he collapsed.

Cassidy allowed a few drops of water to trickle between the Sheriff's lips as he bathed his face. In a moment he revived.

"Cassidy," he muttered thickly, "the heat's got me. I gotta have water or I'm buzzard feed."

"I see the heat's got you, but water's gone up since I corralled the supply. You listen to me for a moment. I've got a sick widowed mother back East, and she's out of money. She'll go to the poorhouse if I don't return to her. Smith was running a brace game and got my pile. I saw he was crooked and started to get my money back. Smith pulled a gun and I just naturally and cheerfully plugged him. I knew that I was in for it, 'cause I had my gun out first, so I just took my money, along with considerable interest, before I skipped. I came here because I knew I could make a getaway."

My horse is in the shade of that rock, and as soon as it gets dark I'll just vamoose. I go around that hill and you don't even know I'm gone. I could have shot all three of you easier than I killed the horses, but I ain't no killer. Maybe you got a mother, too. You messed it all up for yourself by riding plumb into my trap. I didn't figure on your running out of water. That gives me an ace in the hole. You're all in now and the other two won't want to stick it out much longer. It's about one hundred and thirty in the shade, and they are on the wrong side of the rocks to be in the shade anyway.

"Now my proposition is this. I am going to ride in and catch a freight East. You and your boys can walk in at night. It's cool then, and a full moon. You are to say I was killed in a running fight, that I shot your horses before yuh got me. I am going to stay East, so no one will ever know the difference. You can take my rifle back as evidence. Why, man, you'll be regular heroes. On the other hand, if I wait and take your guns away with me, think of the laugh that will go up all over the Southwest at the posse that had their horses killed and their guns taken away by one lone bad man."

"You better tell the boys to leave their hardware behind and come over for a drink. And they better not hold out any six-guns in their boots to start something, or there'll be trouble."

"All right," answered McCann after some deliberation. "You seem to hold a reg-ler royal flush. If you go East I reckon the boys will be willing to say you were shot. But how about the money? I gotta take that back with me to make the story stick."

Cassidy's face fell.

"I plumb forgot about that," he admitted ruefully.

He handed the heavy bag to the Sheriff. "But I've gotta have a stake to get East on," he continued.

"Sure, yuh gotta have that," agreed McCann. "How much yuh need?"

"Three hundred," answered Cassidy.

McCann pulled the drawstring loose and opened the bag. A stream of glittering, clinking coins poured out. McCann counted

out a little pile of gold and handed it to Cassidy.

"There's three hundred," he said. "I'll take a chance on holdin' out that much."

"No chance at all," Cassidy reassured him. "That pot was sweetened twice around and Smith opened it high. Everybody stayed. Then it was raised and everybody saw the raise. Smith backraised that a , and the shorts began dropping out. Well, this other guy sees Smith's backraise and raises him right back. And when it comes around to Smith again he boosted it another notch. They'll sure have a sweet time figuring out how much was in that pot. They won't try to, 'cause they know some of them will lie about it, anyhow. And then I took Smith's bank roll to boot, and the chances are that he didn't know how much was left in it. So I can hold out three hundred easy, without anyone bein' wiser."

A half hour later Cassidy rode out of Pacha Valley toward the railroad. He made a wide circle around La Verde, which was fifteen miles east of the railroad, and some time after midnight he reached the water tank and siding, where the freight for La Verde was side tracked, just as a freight train was slowing down. Removing the saddle and bridle from his horse and turning him loose, he crawled into an open-box car.

In a few minutes a burl, impolite brakeman stuck his basket lantern into the car and profanely requested Cassidy to beat it. Cassidy held a twenty-dollar gold piece into the light of the lantern.

"Come again, bo!" grunted the shack; "I'd get more than a dollar's worth of pleasure a-kickin' yuh outa that car!"

"That's a twenty," said Cassidy, as he brought his gun into view. "Can't you listen to reason?"

"Sure," answered the brakie with a grin. "Put up the smoke wagon. Any time reason makes a noise like twenty I can listen to it without strainin' myself."

"Would twenty cause a lapse of memory?"

"So complete that I'd swear I never seen yuh."

"Fine," said Cassidy, handing over the coin.

At Yuma he annexed a new outfit of clothes and boarded the express. Two days later the passengers in a Pullman on the eastbound limited were startled by the sudden unholy laughter of a good-looking, much-tanned young man who up to that moment had shown no signs of incipient insanity. He had been engaged in reading a Kansas City newspaper when the hysterics overwhelmed him.

Perhaps there is something excruciatingly funny in reading an account of your own death, and especially so when it is embellished freely with details supplied by three fertile-minded liars.

The story of the hour's running fight, in which all the horses had been killed and the outlaw wounded three times, particularly tickled Cassidy's sense of humor. When he had recovered from his laughter he reread the part where, weakened by the loss of blood, he made his last stand and, refusing to surrender, was shot down while attempting to draw a bead on the Sheriff. His burial on the lonely desert, which was written up quite dramatically, almost finished him.

"Golly," he gurgled to himself, weak from laughter. "I didn't think McCann had it in him. Gee, he sure did spread himself. Sounds so natural that I feel half dead right now."

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The Little Mother.

Mamma dear, my Marguerete Jane
Is dearer to my heart
Than all the pretty brand-new dolls;
From her I cannot part.

She grieves me so—one little hand
Is broken quite in two,
Her wig is spoiled, her joints are loose,
She's also lost a shoe.

Now, mamma dear, if Santa Claus
A doctor man could be,
He'd fix my darling Marguerete Jane
For happy little me.

L. A. R.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.
The dinner guests were just leaving the hotel and the line of cars had moved up in front of me and with a start I recognized that it was mine. In the dim recesses of my mind I could not but see the shadow of it. I could not but see the shadow of it. I could not but see the shadow of it.

A Taxicab Romance. By E. Niall Breene.

LOS ANGELES TIMES. Saturday, December 25, 1915.

the beach, who was still looking at the greenish sea. "This morning is splendid," said Wang. "Wang!" I shouted, obligingly, at the generalissimo. "Come here!" Wang stopped short, wheeled about, spied me, fixed me a second with his baleful eye, then charged, his entire seraglio squawking at his heels. I quailed at the sight. Wang beat frantically at the fence, clamoring in the vilest language for my life, and encouraged by his outraged dames.

Roaring with laughter the captain waded in with his cane and put an end to hostilities by driving the squad into the pen.

When he returned I introduced myself and stated my errand. He said he was much pleased and, opening the gate, invited me into the house. I followed him into the living-room, where a wood fire was burning—it was late in the fall—and before it, at his invitation, made myself comfortable in a rocker.

The fireplace was recessed and high, built of brick, and decked with dried wings, a patent medicine almanac, and a piperack holding a file of disreputable clays. There was a seafaring atmosphere in the room, comfortably exotic and finely adapted for yarn-spinning. The captain told me later that he had arranged the interior as much as possible like his old cabin on the Burmese Queen, of which vessel he had long been commander. Upon the brown-painted walls were a colored picture of the Bay of Monterey, a portrait of the filibuster Walker, and an effort in oils of a black hurricane at sea with a gallant bark transixed by a dreadful zig-zag of lightning.

From the ceiling hung a cabin lamp of polished brass. A book shelf held Volney's Ruins and Caesar's Gallic Wars, a brace of pewter mugs, and an ugly bust with a chipped nose that at some prehistoric period might have borne some resemblance to the Duke of Wellington.

After the captain had got into his slippers, he sat down in a chair near me, and we had a most agreeable conversation that lasted an hour. When I left he accompanied me to the gate and I departed laden with an armful of Virginia Creeper and a lot of heliotrope.

After that never a week passed without my spending two or three evenings at the captain's hearth and smoking a pipeful of his transcendent fine-cut. His nephew, a dark, sullen lad of about 16, an emissary of his and a scholar of mine, used to come for me after night-fall and accompany me to the cottage.

Toward the end of winter there arose in Liberty Bar one of those periodic ferments to which all communities are subject that harbor among their population any considerable number of Chinese. In and about the camp there were no less than 800, divided into two rival tongs or companies. A tong war seemed imminent. By Christmas we judged the crisis past; the dragon had failed to raise its head, and all Liberty Bar gave a sigh of relief. It is unpleasant to have a massacre in the streets; one's windows are likely to be broken by chance missiles.

Late one evening, about a week after, when I was busied in correcting a pile of school papers, I was disturbed by a knocking at the door. In came Capt. Gaume, soaking wet. When I recovered from my surprise I assisted him to remove his coat and hat, and had him sit by the fire to dry. He seemed morose and dejected.

"My young friend, he said presently, staring at the fire, 'I have been shamefully treated. Shamefully insulted by a pack of low-down yellow men.'

I looked at him inquiringly.

"Insulted," he repeated. "They bagged my Pekin geese, every blessed one of them."

"That's an outrage, indeed," I said, "but where's the particular insult?"

He drew from his pocket a little canvas bag and shook out five \$5 gold pieces upon my books. "That's the insult," he said. "They flung that in the dirt of the pen as if I were a confounded goose-peddler."

A note, he said, had been brought him the evening before summoning him to his niece on urgent business. The message was merely a decoy, and during his absence the entire flock of geese, the redoubtable Wang and all, had been carried off. That very night the Sam Yap Company held a magnificent feast.

"But I'll fix those Sam Yaps!" he roared, pounding the table so that the ink spurted from the well. "I'll chase them to Gehenna for this!"

I tried to pacify him; urged him to regard the deal as rather profitable than otherwise.

about Marie, when I heard someone calling I was hurrying over to the desk to ask with snow, burst into the lobby.

showed our way to the door and, covered the door with his head, brooded a little with his head sunk on his chest, then asked for something to drink.

I set a bottle of claret before him with alacrity. He emptied his glass four or five times, and after smoking a pipe, grew mellow, and later, even cheerful. He discoursed lightly upon one topic and another; once or twice burst into song, and trolled with deep feeling the couplet:

"There's naught so much the spirit charms
As rum and true religion."

I didn't know he had so much poetry in his soul. An hour before midnight he left, and I promised to see him before week-end.

When I pushed open the captain's gate the next time there sat upon the steps a small, ancient Chinaman, gnarled like a root, rolling a cigarette in his shriveled fingers. His wrinkled face, blind of one eye and stuck with five or six long hairs, looked for all the world like a mahogany carving that had hung forgotten for generations in the smoke of a chimney corner. The door opened, and out glided a tall, slight Celestial, who strode swiftly for the gate, touching the waiting creature on the shoulder as he passed by. I turned and watched them as they disappeared down the eucalyptus-lined street in the full moonlight. I felt myself likening them to a mediaeval courier and his pet ape.

"Tsung-Ko," explained the captain, as he grasped my hand in welcome and motioned to a chair. "An estimable man and leader of the Yung Wos. He is most indignant at the turn those unutterable Yaps served me."

"I dare say," I commented, as the captain poured me out a half-cup of a strange liquor. "Did he bring you this wine?"

"Just so," he replied. "And this fine banner here on the wall." Saying which, he unhooked from the wall a long strip of black velvet, embroidered with Chinese characters in white silk. He exhibited it to me with pride, and yet with an eagerness for approbation that was most touching. "In our speech it runs thus: 'At 60 the wise man turneth to his swans and his pond-lilies.' Sewn by his servant whom you saw on the steps."

"Very nice. But why should the Greeks come bearing gifts?" I demanded.

"Not quite that. In token of gratitude," he said, simply. With a wave of his hand he directed my glance to the picture of Walker upon the wall. "I may say I can be of some assistance to Tsung-Ko and his company."

It was matter of common report that feeling was again running high between the Sam Yaps and the Yung Wos. It was also known, although much less currently, that the two parties had agreed some time to settle their differences by a pitched battle. They were even now supposed to be in training. I knew that the captain had been a bit of an adventurer in his day, and had accompanied Walker on more than one of his expeditions. So I was not surprised to hear from his own lips that he had offered his services to the Yung Wos in training them for their combat, and that they had been immediately accepted. He was determined to avenge himself for the loss of his geese, it seemed.

He waved aside all my weak objections with a laugh. The warrior was uppermost that evening. He penciled a sketch on a fly-leaf of the Gallic Wars, worked himself into a glow of enthusiasm, and succeeded in completely adding my unmilitary head as he developed and tried to explain his plan of tactics.

The next two weeks was a busy period for the captain. Every evening after dark, except when it rained, Tsung-Ko and his withered henchman came to fetch him in a buckboard, and the three would drive a distance of two and one-half miles to the drilling grounds of the Yung Wos—a secluded pebbly flat along the Stanislaus. The spot had been selected at the captain's suggestion.

Once I watched the drilling from a bluff overlooking the shore. It was all very confusing to a layman. The captain barked out hoarse, unintelligible orders, and sent the troops marching, countermarching, wheeling, deploying, and what not, until they were ready to drop from fatigue. He was a stern, savage old taskmaster, and swung his rifle about in his grasp like a sergeant's baton. More than once, too, he roared down the vain expostulations of the weary and inefficient Tsung-Ko, who was placed at the head of the troops. But there could be no two words about the smartness of the

men. They were obedient, as quick as terriers, and as regular as clockwork. What their own ideas were about warfare, I don't know. Perhaps clapping on hideous-painted masks, and making horrid noises to scare off the enemy. I hoped they wouldn't flunk at the critical moment.

The night of the following Sunday was one of the stormiest of my recollection. A gale had howled all day long; in the evening the rain came clattering down like pokers, and the roads were millraces. By 10 it had eased up somewhat, and an hour after the storm ceased entirely. I swung open the door of my cabin to look up at the clear sky and the moon. A figure was making its way through the mud toward me. It was the captain's nephew.

"Sir," he said, "Cap'n wants to see you right away. Bad storm, wasn't it? I'm goin' right along home. Good-night."

I hurried over to the captain's, wondering heartily what he wanted of me at so late an hour. A two-horse rig was hitched to the gate-post when I arrived. I found the captain in the highest spirits. He and Tsung-Ko were sitting before a roaring fire, both with glasses in their hands. The withered henchman, who was perched upon a high stool, scrambled down at the sight of me, filled a third glass from a steaming bowl at the fireside, and thrust it to me with a toothless grin.

"Success to the Yung Wos," shouted the captain, getting a little unsteady to his feet. "And death and desolation to the Sam Yaps!"

We clinked glasses and echoed the cheerful sentiment. Then the men drew on their overcoats; the captain doused the fire with a half pail of water, tucked his rifle under his arm, and we all bustled out to the wagon. Here the captain squeezed my arm. "The scrap's tonight," he whispered.

The journey to the front was a nightmare. I sat on the hard back seat with the little man. We often landed in each other's laps in the most startling fashion, for we were jounced about like parched peas as the vehicle, under the captain's inept navigation, alternately clambered over boulders and floundered hub-deep in thick yellow clay. But we were destined to greater horrors at the ford. The Stanislaus was running at high flood, its surface glinting in the moonlight. Despite our agonized entreaties, the captain insisted on standing up as he piloted the horses into the stream. The animals were soon up to their bellies and snorting like porpoises. The henchman clung to my arm gibbering in senile terror. In midstream the horses plunged into a hole, the vehicle after them, and we inside floundering about wretchedly. However, the captain stuck valiantly to the helm, and by dint of a prodigious amount of whipping and torrents of sea profanity, the craft was beached on the opposite bank with no damage to the crew other than a good soaking.

In half an hour we reached the bluff. We chambered out stiffly, and I set myself, with numbed fingers, to tying the horses to a scrub oak. Our clothes were clinging to our bodies, and to add to our discomfort, a keen wind was blowing hard from the west. The henchman pressed in between the horses to get a little warmth, thoroughly miserable and shaking like a leaf.

The captain was talking earnestly to Tsung-Ko, ramming home final instructions, I suppose, and emphasizing his words by pounding his fist into the palm of his hand. The leader of the Yung Wos nodded comprehendingly, and complacently, shook hands with his preceptor, and crawled down the steep, slippery bank into the flat, his follower alighting after him.

The captain beckoned me over, and we walked to the edge of the bluff, where we sat down, shielded from the penetrating wind by a big boulder.

"There you are," he said, gleefully, pointing with his rifle to the pebbly space. "Now you'll see a little first-class fighting. Watch for the cracker."

On the arena the two companies were standing grouped a stone's throw apart. They were armed with muskets and bayonets. Cries and taunts arose as Tsung-Ko joined the band at the left, and this was at once followed by both sides retreating farther apart and forming into scattered lines. Somebody lighted a cracker and pitched it into the open space between. The captain and I, crouched at the edge of the bluff, waited in tense eagerness for the report.

Bing! That was it. Both companies gave a rousing yell, and ran in like first-rate infantry, handily and warily, with fire-arms held out from the hip.

"Now watch," said the captain, leaning hard at the field, and nudging my knee. "Watch my men crumble the left end of the Yaps. Watch them shove it back and then—"

The captain's mouth remained open in astonishment. The yelling of both sides had redoubled in shrillness, but now seemed to chime in unison. I could see no sign of scattering. They had formed in two closely-packed parallel lines, and were actually advancing in a sort of goose-step, shouting and shrieking and pointing their muskets to the sky instead of at each other's hearts.

Incredulity and wrath struggled on the captain's face. He had risen to his feet, clutching his rifle. He was loathe to believe that his sealously-trained pupils had gone so mad as to fling away what they had learned and revert to the infantile tactics of their ancestors. He burst into a flight of imprecation, and called down the wrath of heaven upon the head of Tsung-Ko.

The belligerents were now twenty yards or so apart, and still shrieking dreadfully. Shrill commands rang out. Simultaneously they presented their muskets to the moon and discharged them in a terrific salvo. The Sam Yaps fell back hurriedly. Quick as a wink the captain raised his rifle and fired. Tsung-Ko dropped dead.

"Come," said the captain, turning for the wagon.

I drove homeward. We got through the ford safely enough, and we were about at the house before the captain uttered a word.

"I am very tired," he muttered, weakly. "It was a bad, bad night."

It was a broken man whom I assisted into the house, and for whom I lighted the brass cabin lamp. He complained of cold and of a pain in his chest. After mixing him a hot drink I made him comfortable for the night, and on my way home called in to inform his niece that her uncle had been taken suddenly ill. The next day he was worse.

The Yung Wos, deeply thankful for their great victory, were unremitting in their attention. They brought chicken and broths and aspic and strange salads and rare liquors. They buried their gallant leader who had fallen upon the field, and before the week was over the entire company escorted to its last resting place the body of Capt. Rawson Gaume.

The secret I kept locked in my breast. A week after, the nephew, in tears, gave me another to keep. Learning of the Sam Yaps' coming feast, he said, he wrote the false message and drove off the geese to sell. Fifty dollars was the price the Celestials paid out without quibbling, and he deposited half that amount on the floor of the captain's pen as the captain's share. This, I figured, works out to the quite reasonable price of \$4.16 and a fraction apiece. But the whole affair is preposterous altogether.

Treatment of Intestinal Stasis.

Prof. Kohnstamm of Berlin has recently offered some suggestions for the treatment of constipation, the gist of which may be summarized as follows:

He combats constipation by having all meat, fish and poultry dropped from the diet and their place taken by milk and dishes made with milk, cocoa, milk and soups. Meat soups and broths can be taken, and aid in the digestion of the vegetables and milk dishes. He declares that on this diet constipation refractory for years or decades can be conquered once for all in from one to four days. After one or two weeks meat can be resumed once a day, especially white meat. He regards meat as the cause of the constipation, and it is sometimes necessary to drop all meat for a time once in a while. His aim is to substitute for the meat putrefaction flora, a milk-fermentation flora, which usually continues to keep the upper hand on resumption of meat in the diet. In case the constipation and vegetables cause a tendency to flatulency, which might be dangerous for the elderly or others with cardiovascular disturbance, and when it is necessary to hasten the emptying of the bowels, or it is impossible to procure milk—under these conditions he combats the constipation with mucilage-containing seeds.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] Helen—Do you love me, dear?
Jack—Dearly, sweetheart.
Helen—Would you die for me?
Jack—No, my pet. Mine is an undying love.

By Frederick John Jackson.
The Departure of Mr. Cassidy.

Good Short Stories

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources

Compiled for the Times.

Drawing for Fours.

ALFRED BOYD, the silk expert, on a recent trip in the Ozark region, says he saw a rather unusual advertisement in one of the village papers as follows: "Wanted—To trade, two mules for two horses or two horses for two mules—makes no difference which. Apply John Rekop." Breaking into the conference around the stove in the rear of the general store where the villagers were settling the European war with oratory and the dust with tobacco juice, Boyd asked one of his old friends about the ad.

"Wal, you see, it's this way. Old Rekop is a consarned old shark when it comes to playing his name spelled backward, and he calculates he could do better either with four jacks or four of a kind in hosses."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The Ex-Minister.

A MEMBER of the corps of the British legation said at a dinner in New York: "Some funny stories come from the front about our volunteer army."

"Two young swells in the uniform of private soldiers were overheard by an officer conversing in a trench."

"I was intended for the ministry," the first swell said. "Believe me or not, old chap, I was on the point of being ordained last August."

"I say! And what stopped you, then?" inquired the other.

"This — war, of course," was the reply.—[Washington Star.]

No Hazards.

FRANK DEMPSEY, one of Erin's most stalwart sons, and brother of Father "Tim" Dempsey, walked into a local accident insurance company one day recently and asked to be insured.

"Are you engaged in any occupation in which you are exposed to any element of danger?" asked the secretary.

"Not in the least," Frank responded with his broad, pleasing brogue.

"Would your business ever require you to be where there were a lot of crowds—or instance, at a riot or a fire?"

"Never, sir."

"Does your business throw you in contact with the criminal classes?"

"Never, sir."

"What is your business, Mr. Dempsey, may I ask?"

"I am a policeman stationed at the C-4th of Rocks," Frank answered without the twitch of a muscle.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Squelching a Bore.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS is much troubled by bores. He has a short way with them, however.

Mr. Davis, for example, sat in the smoking room of a Bar Harbor hotel one evening with a cigar and a novel when a bore said to him from across:

"Well, sir, is Wilson too proud to fight or not?"

Mr. Davis looked up calmly from his novel, blew a cloud into the air and said:

"Wilson? What Wilson?"

"Why, Woodrow Wilson, of course!" said the astonished bore. "President Woodrow Wilson! Did you never hear of him?"

"No," said Mr. Davis, "I never did," and he yawned and took up his novel again.

The bore regarded him darkly for ten minutes. Then he attacked him again.

"Looking kind of black for Bernstein—I guess he'll get his walking papers, hey?" he said.

"Bernstein?" said Mr. Davis. "Who the deuce is Bernstein?"

"What? You never heard of him, either?" shouted the bore.

"No," said Mr. Davis, "never."

Five minutes of silence. Then the bore took a long pull at his glass and said bitterly:

"I guess you never heard of Adam, did you?"

Mr. Davis frowned as if in intent thought. "Adam? Adam?" he said. "What's his last name?"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Reassurance.

IT WAS a fashionable southern resort and the pretty New England maiden had been tangoing strenuously with a vigorous young man from the West.

"Really," she protested. "I must stop. I'd love to keep on and on, but I'm danced out."

"Why, how can you say that?" he cried in astonishment as he escorted her to a seat. "I don't think you are darned stout at all. You're just plump enough."—[National Monthly.]

But Where to Put It.

A NEW REGULATION in a certain coal mine required that each man mark with chalk the number of every car of coal mined. One man named Rudolph, having filled the eleventh car, marked it as No. 1 and, after pondering a while, let it go at that.

Another miner, happening to notice what he thought was a mistake, called Rudolph's attention to the fact that he had marked the car No. 1 instead of 11.

"Yes, I know," said Rudolph; "But I can't think which side de odder wan go on."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

The Limit Defined.

AT A DINNER party the other night they were talking about joke-loving citizens when this little story was recalled by Congressman Frank E. Wilson of New York.

Some time ago a merry son of the Emerald Isle was arrested on the charge of assault and battery, and eventually he found himself standing before the stern-faced magistrate.

"Pat," said the magistrate, "you are charged with having punched Dennis McGinley in the face. What have you to say about it?"

"Shure, yer Honor," meekly answered the repentant Pat. "O! did it in fun. O! only meant to have a little joke wid him."

"You did, did you?" responded the magistrate. "Well, in the future I want you to understand that your right to a joke ends where Dennis's nose begins."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

A Gallant Mayor.

FROM a small provincial town in the north of Italy comes the following story. Queen Helena was visiting the town, just before the entry of Italy into the war, to attend the unveiling of a statue of Victor Emmanuel.

After the mayor of the town had made an elaborate speech of welcome, he handed the Queen a glass of champagne, and asked to be allowed to drink her health. As their glasses clinked, a drop of champagne fell upon the Queen's gown. She opened her hand-bag to take out her handkerchief, but the gallant mayor was not to be caught on any point of etiquette.

"Your Majesty!" he exclaimed grandly, "there is no need of that! Everything is already paid for."—[E. T.]

A Couple of Kipling Stories.

RUDYARD KIPLING might starve to death bravely, but he would not be able to do so silently. After the siege of Kimberley, he was staying with Cecil Rhodes at a charming little fruit-farm near the town. One morning it occurred to Mr. Rhodes to take a stroll around the orchards for a while before breakfast. As Mr. Kipling did not feel like walking, he stayed behind. Time went on and the idea presented itself to the author that breakfast would be desirable. But there was no sign of his host. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes had become so much interested in the matter in hand that he had quite forgotten the passage of time, and it was nearly ten before he remembered his starving guests, and hurried homeward.

"What's this, sir?" said his manager, suddenly pausing before a tree. Upon it was pinned a sheet of paper, bearing in large black letters, "Famine." The next tree was also decorated: "We are starving; feed us." Nearer the house they came upon a larger sheet with these words:

In huge type: "For the human race breakfast. Purifies the mind; invigorates the system. It has sustained thousands. It will sustain you. See that you get it." Finally, upon the front door was an enormous placard: "Why die when a little breakfast will prolong life?"

How an omnibus driver scored on Kipling is told by an American friend of the writer's. Annoyed by the injury done to one of his trees by the driver of a local stage, Mr. Kipling wrote a vigorous letter of complaint to the man, who was also the landlord of an inn.

The landlord sold the letter for ten shillings. A second and stronger letter followed. This found a purchaser at one pound, for its increased violence made it more valuable. To it, as to the former letter, the landlord made no reply.

To him Kipling went the next day, briskly wrathful. "Why didn't I answer your letters, sir?" replied the landlord. "Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one. They pay me a great deal better than bus driving."—[E. T.]

Making Tommy Attractive.

ETHEL, the twelve-year-old daughter of a family that resides in an uptown apartment house, recently said to her mother:

"Mother, I wish you'd wash Tommy's face."

Now Tommy was the son of the man whose apartment adjoined theirs. So mother was both alarmed and astonished.

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "Why, he's a neighbor's child! I have nothing to do with him."

"But I have," explained Ethel. "We've become engaged, and I want to kiss him."—[Youth's Companion.]

Easily Accomplished.

ONE afternoon an elderly lady, who was not accustomed to traveling, boarded a train for a short run to the adjacent country, and when her destination was eventually announced she nervously called to the conductor.

"What can I do for you, madam?" asked the conductor, stepping to her side.

"Oh, Mr. Conductor," she explained, "here is the town where I am going, and I don't know exactly which door to go out!"

"You may go out by either door, madam," gently instructed the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

No Occasion for Hunger.

AN ENGLISH town council, after a protracted sitting, was desirous of adjourning for lunch.

The proposition was opposed by the Mayor, who thought that if his fellow office-holders felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last a rather illiterate member got up and exclaimed:

"I ham astonished, I ham surprised, I ham amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch."

"And I am surprised," replied the Mayor, "that a man who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth should want any lunch at all."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Suspicious Confirmed.

SILENCE in the kitchen was always to be regarded with mistrust—when little Laura was there. Her mother had learned this from long experience, and Laura was in the kitchen now—ominously silent.

Hence the voice from the adjoining pantry:

"What are you doing, dearie?"

"Nuffin, mother," answered Laura.

"Are you sure?" asked the mother, still busy with her cups and saucers.

"Well, I isn't doing much."

A moment's pause.

"I'm only dving hatpins into the soap with your new silver milk jug."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

The Story of Creation.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the well-known American author and critic, tells a Shakespeare story.

"I Stratford," he says, "during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock and said:

"Who is this chap, Shakespeare, anyway?"

"He was a writer, sir."

"Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such an infernal fuss over this one, then? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What the deuce did he write—magazine stories, attacks on the government, shady novels?"

"No, sir; oh, no, sir," said the aged villager. "I understand he writ for the Bible, sir."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Blame the Compositor.

"SEE HERE, sir," yelled the indignant citizen, as he entered the office of The Daily Whoop, "what do you mean by this article in yesterday's paper?"

"What is it?" asked the editor.

"What is it?" shouted the indignant citizen. "Why, you refer to me as a greedy jobber."

"That is too bad," replied the editor. "It is a typographical error, and I am sorry it appeared as it did."

"Oh, very well," answered the indignant citizen. "I accept your apology."

"I don't know how that fool linotype man came to set the word 'jobber,' added the editor. "I wrote the word 'robber' very plainly."—[Philadelphia Record.]

Suitably Expressed.

AS THE subject for the weekly essay the schoolmaster asked his pupils to say what they could do if they had \$5,000,000.

At once all heads were bent, save one, and pens scratched busily. The one exception was little Willie. He calmly sat doing nothing, twiddling his fingers and watching the flies on the ceiling.

At the end of the time the master collected the papers, and Willie handed over a blank sheet.

"How's this, Willie?" asked the master. "Is this your essay? Why, all the others have written at least two sheets, while you do nothing."

"Well," replied Willie, "that's what I would do if I were a millionaire."—[Philadelphia Record.]

Tree Pruning.

THE CORRECT principles that should govern the amputation of the branches of trees have been known for a long time, but in traveling we observe how many of us, either in a hurry of trimming or through indifference, neglect some of those little points which have a most important bearing on the future of our trees. In all cases the branch should be cut close and even with the trunk, for one of the simple laws of plant life is known to be that a tree sap has a double movement, upward and downward.

As descending sap alone forms the new bark and wood which heal over a wound, it will follow if a cut is made which leaves a stub, the new growth does not come over the lower part, as it is cut off from communication with the elaborated sap descending from the leaves; and the wood included in the space between body and end of stub, on the under side, not being covered with new wood, begins to decay, and in time destroys the trunk of the tree. From this some persons have come to the wrong conclusion that only branches of a small diameter can with safety be removed. Cut off the branch close to the trunk, with a clean smooth cut and all will be well. All cuts should be painted over with oil, paint, asphalt or some air-excluding material. This is not alone to exclude air and prevent drying and cracking of the wood, but keeps out fungous spores and destructive insects.

